

THE FALKLANDS
END GAME

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

MAY 24, 1982

\$1.00

OTTAWA'S POWER BROKERS



Clerk of the Privy Council Michael Pitfield



Sun Set.



CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

MAY 24, 1992 VOL. 11 NO. 21

COVER

Ottawa's power brokers

As Parliament moves and more becomes a rubber stamp with little control over the public purse, and as more government business is handled quietly, away from public scrutiny, the true rulers on the Hill have become not the politicians but the country's vast array of lobbyists. Clearly, the age of madman power has arrived in Ottawa.

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Photo courtesy of John Gaudet, York



Another chance for Clark

While the Conservative leader and his family attended the funeral of his father, the party policy convention was chipping away at Clark's fractious power base.

—Page 9



The stage rides of spring

The Vancouver Children's Festival, a major spring event for five years, has spilled over to Victoria and swept over the Rockies to Edmonton and Toronto.

—Page 53



End game in the Falklands

As last-ditch United Nations talks splintered and Britain's military set closed in on the Argentine-occupied Falklands, an invasion seemed inevitable.

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A chromosomal coincidence

University of Toronto student Cheri Allen looks as much like Diana, Princess of Wales, that she considers it a responsibility to behave properly in public.

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EDITORIAL By Peter C. Newman



An editor returns to what he enjoys doing the most

After more than 11 years, I have decided to resign the editorship of *Maclean's* as of September 1, 1992.

When I came to this magazine in the winter of 1971 I had a clear idea of what I hoped to accomplish—to put together a publication for which the best writers, editors, illustrators and photographers would be paid to work, and to provide a creative atmosphere for them to practise their craft. The doing of it turned out to be more difficult than I could have imagined. Still, having myself labored in the trenches of daily journalism for many years, I believe *Maclean's* has granted its staff more freedom, more breathing space and more stylistic license than any other mass medium in the country.

At its best, *Maclean's* is a mirror in which Canadians glimpse one another and recognize themselves. We have attempted to refine the country's image of itself, and, in the process, Canada's self-accepted national magazine refined new potentials. During my stewardship we have grown from a frayed staff of 11 trying to stay afloat on a yearly editorial budget of less than \$400,000 to the vibrant group behind beside columns, spending more than \$5 million in the gathering and presentation of news. Our weekly readership is nudging 2½ million, and the magazine's financial outlook has never been healthier.

It has been a joy giving magazine reporters the chance to practice a new style of uncompromising journalism—an approach to reporting that attempts to make sense of the moments that endow history with its excitement and meaning.

I have always felt that what makes any periodical special is that its editor is possessed by a strong sense of audience that touches the readers' genuine concerns and emotions. This is no such a matter of detaching a magazine's content, or even of pretending to shed writer over any particular editorial bias, as of trying to fashion its audience's collective frame of mind. The mark of any editor worth his salt is that he never knows precisely what he should publish. There is no formula. More eager to capture the mood of his time than to advocate any specific set of ideas, he must have a constantly renewable curiosity. The trick is to report not so much what has happened as how and why it is happening. That remains the quintessential difference between daily and magazine journalism. At *Maclean's*, editors must also think nationally, and take into account the subtle differences in sensibilities that separate Canadians from Americans.

I am leaving anchor at *Maclean's* because I feel that my magazine has been fulfilled and I plan to pursue other journalistic adventures, including a regular column in *Maclean's*. I was a writer before I became an editor and I am returning to what I enjoy doing most. My stint here has been exhilarating, and I thank the readers of this magazine for sharing a slice of their time with me.

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Physician heal thy government

By John D. McLean

I love the practice of family medicine and, on the whole, it has been most fulfilling. For this reason, I do not mind the long hours and the demands made on me by my patients. But what frustrates me is the fact that my doctors are constantly rebuked for our meagre grand and quest for six-figure incomes. During the weeks leading up to our two-year agreement with the government of Ontario earlier this month, press reports and government spokesmen implied that we had more passion for the dollar than for the care of our patients. But let me assure you that nothing could be further from the truth.

Take my case, for instance. In the first year ending Dec. 31, 1981, I averaged 34.230 visits. I took four weeks' holiday and one week's postgraduate study at my own expense. For the other 47 weeks I averaged 36 hours per week, clocking on-call time. This is an average of \$47.56 per hour. From that I pay for taxation, pension, CEBT, life and disability insurance, etc. In the year ending January, 1982, despite the fact that I averaged 60 hours per week, and despite a government pay-schedule increase of approximately 14% per cent, my net income declined to \$95,000, or \$1944 per hour. That is an increase of 11.1 per cent when inflation since about recorded 12 per cent.

Prove to our May 1 agreement, so other identifiable wage-earning groups had fared as poorly as we have. In fact, the physician's net disposable income, when inflation is accounted for, has been more than 25-per-cent lower than it was a decade ago. Admittedly, part of this dilemma is our fault. When Prime Minister Turner's Treasury announced he was going to "wrestle inflation to the ground," the Canadian medical profession was approached to lend the way. Voluntarily, and in retrospect, wisely, we allowed our fee schedule to be frozen for two years. No one else has been asked to make such a sacrifice. In the meantime, most of all the politicians. From 1974 to 1981 doctors in Ontario, helped by wage and price controls, succeeded in lifting even further behind inflation thanks to the inequitable fee schedules paid by our provincial government.

Yet despite my utter frustration with the government's and the public's attitude toward our incomes, far more worrisome to me and my colleagues is the overall under-funding of medicine in this country. Everywhere hospitals, nursing and chronic-care homes, and medical-out-patient clinics for upgraded medical equipment

are critically under-funded, and Canadians with back, arthritic and non-arthritic medical problems are experiencing increasing difficulty in obtaining suitably quick treatment. With budgets cut, hospital wards close and staff is reduced.

Take chronic care, for example. In Ontario, there is a desperate shortage of chronic-care beds. In my own hospital in Mississauga, at any given time about 40 per cent of all active medical and surgical beds are occupied by chronic-care patients, resulting in extra costs—the average patient in Medicare in \$150 per day per bed (almost four times greater than it used to be). More dramatically, though, it means unavailability of acute-care beds—should you have the misfortune of a heart attack, you may be held in emergency ward up to 36 hours before a bed is freed in the emergency-care unit. Then you may be discharged from this unit prematurely because someone else's condition

It recently took more than six weeks to have one of my patients with cancer admitted for urgently required surgery

also may appear more critical than yours. Naturally this increases the medical risk

across your entire emergency service. Equally hard hit are our operating rooms. Sixty 40 per cent of our available operating-room time is not being utilized simply because there aren't enough urgent beds. It recently took more than six weeks for one of my patients, with proven cancer, to be admitted for urgently required surgery. This patient is now terminally ill. While I can't say this would not have been the outcome had he been admitted promptly, it would have been such a huge blow more bearable for me, the family, and the patient. Yet these and so on are the predictable outcome of our universal "first-dollar coverage" health care system. It happened in Europe, in Britain, and it's happening here. With most European doctors, the optimal response to the least health-care facilities and access to them, and to limit the number of doctors.

Our politicians boast that we have the best "free" health care system in the world in order to beg our votes, but they then refuse to pay for the system. In 1971, total Canadian health expenditures as a

percentage of GNP were 7.45 per cent; by 1979 that fell to 7.23 per cent and in terms of Gross Domestic Product (GDP), in 1980, Canada led the United States, Sweden, France and the Netherlands, to name but a few nations. By 1984, while Canada was at 6.8 per cent, France was up to 9.8 per cent, the United States, 7.8 per cent, and the Netherlands, 7.3 per cent.

As politicians take ever-greater control, standards of health care deteriorate. I have always taken pride in the fact that I take the time to give my patients competent and personalized care. I average no more than four patients per hour in my office, but the health ministry states it should be at least six to eight or more. That is seven to 10 minutes per patient. If I were to follow their advice, I would certainly earn more, but at whose expense? If a doctor doesn't have time to listen, to talk to or examine his patient properly, he may order more lab and investigative work than is necessary to search for possible round diagnosis. Though unnecessary investigation is to be avoided, I can appreciate why it would be utilized in such a situation. Lab investigations are much more costly than doctors' fees, thus an attempt to save dollars by under-funding physicians backfires.

As a concerned physician I am outraged by the contempt shown by government not only toward myself and my profession, but toward you, the public at large. Government hopes that by telling the lie for often enough—medicine is a strong and healthy, and doctors are generous and unselfish—that you will swallow it. The new minister of health in my province is just starting to learn that physicians will not accept his credits or his threats. We have integrity and the resolve to adequately defend health care and its funding.

Unacceptable as job insecurity, relational well-being and withdrawal of services, save for emergency care, have been for us all, there was no other way to attract the attention of both government and the public on this crisis. For politicians have, too readily, refused to listen to us. But if you, their electors, declare that you want a good standard of health care, then you must be prepared to pay for it. If the additional resource does not come from extorting by doctors, then it will have to come from increased personal life revenues or increased health-insurance premiums. A dilemma indeed. But lives are too precious to put on the political bargaining table.

Dr. John D. McLean is a family physician practicing in Mississauga, Ont.



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No let-up in spray wars

When a New Brunswick government task force convened in March to investigate an alleged link between the province's 30-year-old, spruce-budworm spray program and Ray's syndrome, a rare and often-fatal children's illness, opponents of the spraying predicted another quick

rubber stamp for the government. And, true to expectation, the task force report, made public last month, said there was no evidence to support the long-touted connection (*Maclean's*, June 18, 1998). But to the surprise of conservationists, who blasted the conclusion as being too hasty, the report did recom-

mend the removal from the spray formula of an emulsifier, Afton 3800R, believed by some scientists to be a neuro-toxin and linked in laboratory tests to animals to Ray's syndrome. The two-stage alteration of the formula, a month before spraying traditionally begins in late May or June, will cost the government an extra \$250,000 but will not prevent the controversial \$12-million program from taking place.

Overall, the report of the task force, chaired by Dr. Walter Rottman, professor of epidemiology at McGill University, vindicated the embattled spraying program. Despite a warning against "complacency about spraying" and urging that greater care be taken in the selection of chemicals released into the environment, the report did not go as far as anti-spray factions would have liked. For example, it confirmed the use of the insecticide fenitrothion, which has been linked to nerve damage, birth defects and eye/ear problems, although it recommended lower concentrations of the chemical in the spray. As for Ray's syndrome, the incidence of the illness was actually found to be lower in New Brunswick than in Michigan, Colorado and Ohio, where there is no spraying. Catherine Richards of New Brunswick's Concerned Parents Group argues that the comparison should have been made with Nova Scotia, which has no spray program, and where the illness occurs at a fraction of the rate in New Brunswick. Patrick Selisko, research associate for the task force, says the three states were chosen because they have reliable data on the illness, whereas Nova Scotia does not.

As the health debate continues, so does the controversy over whether or not spraying is even the best usage in the battle against the voracious spruce budworm. In Nova Scotia, where it's been used since 1964, 100,000 hectares of forest, valued at \$1.6 billion, have been lost, largely because of the budworm. On the positive side, 30,000 white-tailed eagles, which are less vulnerable to attack. According to May, epidemics occur naturally in 30-year cycles in which the worms eventually eat themselves out of food and are destroyed by natural predators. The problem with spraying is that it kills off predators and guarantees a food supply for the worms. Until it stops, the war, New Brunswick will have a "perpetual epidemic."

—GILLIAN MARKAY with Alan Jones
David Fisher and Anne Murphy



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*Rock Carrier, one of Quebec's foremost poets and playwrights, is best known in English Canada for *La Guerre, Ya Ya* [a dark, Rabelaisian novel about corruption in Quebec society Carrier adapted for the stage at Stratford, Ont. Carrier has been writing for 25 years and is one of Quebec's most frequently translated authors. Their translations, as well as his lecture tours across Canada, have made him an unofficial ambassador for Quebec's racial and cultural aspirations. He talked with Maclean's senior writer Mark Carmichael while on a recent visit to Toronto.*

Maclean's: What have been the most important changes in Quebec culture since the Quiet Revolution of the 1960s?

Carrier: In the '60s, artists were very critical of their past history. They wanted to possess their country politically and economically. But at the same time they were engrossed in the idea of poetry in celebrating their country. Then, two major changes occurred in the '70s. First, the term *poet* was dropped. Artists didn't cry out for liberty anymore

because they already had it. The other has been the change in feminist writing. Its brightness and exploration of new forms is highly original. The best literature in Quebec today is written by women.

Maclean's: You've talked about the sense of defeat, of failure, which many Quebecers seem to have. How much does that still come out there? Is that still a common feeling?

Carrier: That is changing on many levels in cultural life. People in their life no longer feel it's impossible to do something because they're Québécois, because everything is controlled by the English or the Americans. They just want to do their best and they're ambitious. The disappearance of the cult of *debut* is, I think, even more important than the Quiet Revolution itself.

Maclean's: How do artists now look upon their past history?

Carrier: My generation was educated in religious schools, and we learned the classics and French history. There was a big gap between our education and what we experienced in daily life, so we

looked to the past for our true origins. The new wave of young Quebec writers doesn't have that problem of identity. They are comfortable in North America and they feel they belong to the French culture in North America.

Maclean's: In the '60s there was a strong nationalist feeling in Quebec toward English-Canadian culture. Has that changed?

Carrier: I remember when my books were first translated—everybody felt it was a kind of treasure, giving my books to the rest of the country. But today everybody wants to be on the other side of the frontier.

Maclean's: The cultural flow has always been much more from Quebec to English Canada than the reverse...

Carrier: Artists felt there was nothing real about English Canada at all. For myself, the translation of my works brought me a better understanding of Canada. I discovered an absolutely fascinating country, so now I'm full of stories from everywhere. In Saskatchewan, for instance, I went to see a ghost town and met in the cemetery with an

old man who had known all the people on the tombstones.

Maclean's: The Quiet Revolution was seen as a cultural precursor to the political revolution of the '70s and the Parti Québécois victory in 1976. Do you see any clear link in contemporary Quebec culture as it is political events in the '80s?

Carrier: The PQ victory was a very great moment in the history of the Quebec people. You don't often see destiny changing before your eyes. It's like being born and being conscious of the birth at the same time. So, as far as the '80s are concerned, I would say there will be an opening up to the rest of the world, a move away from local problems to more universal concerns.

We will continue to see an affirmation of identity, not through politics or terrorism but through personal vision, which are far more powerful. Nobody really believes that life is a choice between René Lévesque and Robert Bourassa, or between Ottawa and Quebec



Carrier, seeing destiny change before your eyes

Life is much bigger than that. **Maclean's:** Do you think most artists are in sympathy with Lévesque's strong stand on the Constitution?

Carrier: Most intellectuals in Quebec are sympathetic to Lévesque whatever he says or does. But what struck me about the constitutional debate was that I

never really understood what was happening. Everybody was sympathetic because it's always good to support Ottawa; that's normal. But on this issue there was a breakdown in communication. Lévesque and the PQ didn't succeed in explaining why they were against it. **Maclean's:** A lot of important talk has surfaced again in Western Canada as well as in Quebec. Is it necessary for Quebec to separate politically in order to preserve the identity of her people?

Carrier: Our case is special. We in Quebec are a different cultural entity. For us, it is not an accidental idea but a visceral, instinctive ideal. As long as Quebec feels [it] at ease with Ottawa, as long as the capital represents the life of Quebec because it feels reassured by the threat of separation, then inevitably there will be a movement toward political independence. The whole country is completely divided by these frustrations. As a Québécois I have written very harsh things about the English, but I've heard much harsher things said outside Quebec against Ottawa. It's a big problem, and politicians should make their first priority a re-evaluation of the relations between the capital and the provinces to eradicate this frustration, which is far more important than any specific issue. If it disappeared, the Québécois would be just as staunch Canadians as anyone else. ☐

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CANADA

Clark's chance to fight another day

By Mary Jungman

It was officially billed as a dynamic discussion of Canadian conservative theory—and tacitly acknowledged as the site of another meeting against beleaguered Tory leader Joe Clark. For weeks before last weekend's policy conference in Toronto, Conservative dissidents bided their time, waiting for Clark to call a leadership convention to settle the policy debate. Then Clark's father, Charles, died of heart failure in his Alberta home last Monday, and the whispers of revolt were stifled by sympathy. The party executive committee—something to attack Clark directly while he mourned—settled for a crucial swipe at his financial power base. And while delegates publicly lambasted between economic right-wing dogma and pleas for moderate policies, they privately admitted that their leadership problems have only just begun.

The original dissident strategy centred on an unusual meeting of the full party executive which preceded the official conference opening. Traditionally, the dissidents have mustered brave threats before the regular 30-member executive committee meetings, but their plots have floundered there because everyone is afraid to take the first anti-Clark step and risk being, previously, branded as a traitor. The full executive of about 120 members had not met since the mid-1980s, however, and the dissidents gambled that there was safety and courage in numbers.

Some suggested that the full executive could render an advisory decision in the party constitution and call for a special meeting that could somehow be turned into a leadership convention. Others predicted that the executive would simply move a motion of non-confidence in Clark's leadership. The political repercussions of that dramatic gesture would have forced Clark to call for a convention. Then Charles Clark died, Clark rushed to the side of his mother, Grace, and the vague and disorganized ramblings of rebellion were silenced.

Still, the discontent surfaced indirectly, during the regular meeting of the executive committee before the full

executive discussion. And it demonstrated the growing gap between the Clark loyalists and other party members. In February, 1985, more than 30 per cent of the delegates at a Conservative general meeting voted for a leadership convention. That number was not high enough to force the issue, but it did demonstrate a serious division in the party over Clark's leadership. Since then, Clark has attempted to reconsi-

der the party. This has led to the party with two major conventions—the Clark supporters and the pro-Clark convention and the official meeting by the party faithful on the national executive. And although there are many Clark loyalists on the executive, the tension between the two conventions has been growing for more than a year.

The conflict surfaced recently with noted dissident charges this spring that Clark was dipping into the fund to help promote his own leadership. That is a highly sensitive issue. For one thing, there will be another party general meeting in January in Winnipeg, and delegates will once more be asked if they want a leadership convention. The dissidents are worried that Clark has been raising potential delegates across the country and winning their support—while travelling on party funds. They were also disturbed by rumors that Murray is drawing a hefty salary for his private work from party funds, even though he receives a regular Senate stipend. So last week the national executive faced its muscles over the Clark machine and appointed a sub-committee to review the spending of the funds.



Clark's the ramblings were a source of constant frustration.

It is not clear in the constitution whether the subcommittee can block or even curtail Clark's spending. Many of the executives clearly viewed the move as a simple attempt by elected party officials to keep on edge by an estimated \$4 million in party funds. These members emphasized that it was not a covert anti-Clark move. But they also complained that the campaign against Clark forces is too strong that their loyalty to the leader is being questioned.

And they predicted that when the subcommittee takes its preliminary report soon, some open battles with the Clark forces may be brewing—including a move to slash Murray's salary.

These behind-the-scenes ramblings were a source of constant irritation and frustration for party President Peter Blais, the conservative minister. Blais planned the policy session as "an opportunity to at least begin the definition of small-voter conservatism in Canada in 1987." And he already needed policy resolutions—since the caucus is not

date his control over the party machinery. Before the general meeting last year, he appointed a 20-member position committee, composed largely of loyalists, that was going to re-ordinate the party's program to win the next general election. That committee is now chaired by Clark's longtime friend, Senator Lowell Murray. Meanwhile, Clark appointees at party headquarters have supervised the spending of the multi-million-dollar campaign war chest, the

bound to follow each party's direction anyway. Baskin mentions that specific resolutions could saddle the party with uninteresting and divisive suggestions and reduce complex problems to a simple "yes" or "no" vote. He scheduled workshops on everything from Canadianization to labor relations. And he insisted that the conference "should not only establish principles and create objectives but it should also create a bond of positive confidence between ourselves and the Canadian public."

In retrospect, the Montreal lawyer probably avoided a head-on clash between party hard-liners and moderates. At each workshop, the majority of the delegates applauded standard right-wing bromides with unbridled enthusiasm, while moderates pleaded for a compromise approach that would have broader electoral appeal. At one session, for example, delegates applauded American conservative publisher William Rusher's claim that government policies that control standards are gravely unnecessary, since if the public demanded automobile restraint devices from General Motors "it's in their business to meet the demand."

It was left to glib former Conservative leader Robert Stanfield to plead that "we hold values that the market, even where it is free, will not protect or uphold." Stanfield readily conceded the delegates that "any fool could urge positions for the Conservative party which would drive our country by leaps or leaps."

"A market economy gives freedom of choice and flexibility that is unattainable in a centralized society," he went on, "but the advocates of a free market are not necessarily champions of other aspects of freedom. Sometimes their concept of freedom seems to relate to freedom to freedom to freedom to property that is personal liberty." And Stanfield shrewdly reminded the delegates—after a suggestion that the prime minister be held for medical and educational services—that "a country known as free like the middle eastern countries." In the best workshops, the session produced stimulating and thoughtful clashes; in others, single slogans were bandied as solutions to complicated issues.

This was more to the right by much of the Conservative rank and file as increases pressure on the moderate Clark. And it leaves him with two alternative schemes to preserve his leader-



Clark and Joe Clark at formal no effort with the insurance

ship before the January showdown. Since the polls show the Conservatives leading the Liberals in public support, the Clark camp is trying to provoke the Liberals into an early election. Recently some caucus members seriously discussed staging another "bolshevik" coup over an energy bill that would allow the National Energy Board to expropriate a power corridor for Newfoundland through Quebec. Although that idea was rejected, the party is clearly looking for another scare. Conservative House Leader Sir Neilson Kelly told delegates last weekend that "our first priority is to bring about the defeat of the most incompetent, most irrelevant, most dangerous government in the history of this country." And he hinted that the Conservatives will find their next move because "we intend to overthrow Parliament's control over the purse strings, which is the primary lever of power in a democratic society."

Although Neilson and Clark are convinced that their disruptive tactics to bypass Parliament last spring worked, electoral wonkery, many caucus members are afraid that the public will eventually turn against a belligerent Opposition. These men are also aware that a

recent Gallup poll shows that only 19 per cent of Canadians believe Clark would make the best prime minister—as opposed to 30 per cent for Pierre Trudeau and 59 per cent for New Democratic Party leader Ed Broadbent. Armed with these statistics, some of the caucus members might refuse to support Neilson's hard-line tactics.

Clark can also follow the advice of most of his closest advisers and call for an early leadership convention. This surprise tactic would give him an automatic edge over his unprepared opponents. Senior Conservatives speculate, however, that the determined Clark will not give in to these requests. They say that he is determined to keep his job—and that he will not admit that there is a possibility of defeat, even to himself.

Many veterans from all sides of the divided party believe that Clark faces a serious threat of defeat at the January meeting. They say that most rebels have simply decided to keep their peace and bide their time until that dramatic vote. Meanwhile, smaller skirmishes will continue. Next month the national executive must decide the timing of the leadership contest vote in January. The Clark camp wants the vote to be held early in the meeting and the discontents want it to be held later in the weekend. The signposts over the top of the St. George's Hotel will be visible throughout the rest of this year.

A weekend report at the policy conference indicated that some Quebec executive committee members have discussed Clark's claim that he has made a breakthrough in the traditional Liberal stronghold of Quebec—and arrangements over the time and money spent wooing Quebec voters will continue to preoccupy future executive debates. To add to Clark's troubles, some caucus members quietly tried earlier this year to hatch a plot to remove Clark as parliamentary leader. That vague threat remains as another sword over his head. Clark supporters insist that their leader—butressed by the popular hard-line Neilson—will survive this confusing maze because everyone is sick of internal party bickering at a time when the Conservatives could ramp to victory at the polls. The doubters counter that the party would flounder if the leadership were stronger. And while that argument rages on the corridors, it may drive out the party's liveliest tool to defuse Canadian conservatism and a winning election platform. ☺

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Contenders for Trudeau's throne



Toronto: wrestling with the action that the Liberals are in too much trouble to win

Most Liberals privately confess that Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's shrewd personality has become part of their popularity problem. They also admit that uncertainty over Trudeau's retirement date has diminished rank and file Liberals and disrupted vital strategic party planning. But the prime of Joe Clark may have saved Trudeau from any major grassroots campaign to prod him into early retirement. Now, the neo-conservative Liberals are soothing themselves with reminders that the economy is flourishing, and the Conservatives are bickering toward a destructive leadership showdown. And that means that the Liberal party is driving serious outsiders from the theory that a new leader should only be chosen when the economy has recovered and when the fractious Tories are snapping from a bloody leadership struggle.

Still, the left is Liberal bastion has not prevented some fissures behind-the-scenes manipulation by contenders for the throne. The most flagrant politicking began several months ago when Senator Keith Dwyer started to visit Trudeau rooms, asking them to help convince the prime minister not to resign. That move disgruntled Liberal leaders, who are targeted if as an admission card strategist Dwyer no longer has a strong candidate to slot into Trudeau's job. Dwyer was assumed to be in search of a winning candidate who would one day position to Dwyer, thus ensuring that the senator's elevated position in the party politicking order would continue after Trudeau had gone.

Party regulars believe that Dwyer has thrown his weight behind Trudeau's former political secretary, Jim Coates, the backroom boy who looms Toronto's Spectra riding is a spectacular hybridization of left and right. It seems that Dwyer's assurance is that Trudeau could at least win a minority government in the next election while Coates could finally grab a seat and gain valuable political experience and political notes. The Coates-betrayed by his own high profile—could mean the leadership contest would finally return to the old anti-Trudeau formula. Wastewater, in particular, believe that the party cannot recover without a new leader—

Coates (left), Dwyer: the most flagrant politicking began with the senator's visits



The Dwyer plot has, however, indicated that the leadership contest is swirling with new complexities. When Trudeau announced his retirement in late 1976, Dwyer was prepared to throw his weight behind former finance minister Donald MacDonald. Dwyer's recent moves may indicate that MacDonald has no intention of running. Or they could showcase a murky leadership contest showdown between MacDonald and his former allies. Dwyer's tactics could also be part of a convoluted scenario to discourage any leadership bid by former finance minister John Turner. Last month, Coates named the nomination to run in the next election in Quebec riding. This usually safe Liberal seat would have been an ideal haven for either MacDonald or Turner—else delegates to any pre-election leadership convention could assume that either possible contender would probably be able to visit the Spectra seat in the upcoming election.

Some Liberals confide that Turner has grown increasingly critical of federal economic policies and that he apparently appears confident that he could win the leadership if he tried. The former minister is also said to be over-riding, however, with the notion that the Liberals are in too much trouble to win again, and thus the leadership prize might not be worth the personal disruption. If Trudeau returns soon, the lack of a safe seat in his current Toronto home might discourage Turner. If Trudeau stays on through the next election, Dwyer may be hoping that Turner will never again consider a leadership bid. Meanwhile, party strategists confess that they have no chance of winning a snap leadership election back to the fold until Trudeau leaves. Wastewater, in particular, believe that the party cannot recover without a new leader—

and many can hardly contain their irritation. Some western Liberals insist, however, that no leader will get anywhere until the party polishes up its miserable infighting with the business community. And they are reluctant to saddle a new leader with that arduous chore. In the interim, since a new leader will choose his own candidates and plan the next campaign, many strategic electoral plans are on ice. At least one senior party strategist confides that although the senate is not out of control, he believes that the mere uncertainty is contributing to the party's dismal performance in the polls.

Trudeau's opponents have also provoked some party planners to drop private hints about the experience of his timing. A party general meeting—scheduled for November—can only be converted into a leadership convention if Trudeau sets his resignation date before early July. If Trudeau does not leave by November, that meeting will become a forum where leadership contenders can strut and promote claims can spin. If Trudeau announces his plans that fall, the meeting will likely be cancelled in favor of a later convention.

The bulk of the party is holding its peace despite this uncertainty, however, because many Liberals reason that a new leader should not be tarnished through association with the current bad economic climate. They simply do not want a new contender to endange two years of parliamentary attacks for the current time. "Our leadership is so lame, basically—it won't be dented until 1984—because we have nothing to gain and everything to lose if the boss leaves now," insists Montreal Liberal MP Pierre Desjarais. "If he leaves now and we have a new leader, then the Tories have two years to turn him. If he waits until the Tories decide whether to keep Clark or dump him, they'll come out divided. Then the boss decides to go, there's a leadership convention, then there's an election and we resign."

So no one knows, however, if Trudeau will shake up his premier's scenario—although any Liberals say that he is privately stressed by it. Late last month, the prime minister already ruled a caucus with the announcement that he was not going to answer any more questions about his retirement date. He added, tongue-in-cheek, that he wanted to stay in power as long as Sir Wilfrid Laurier—who would bring him to the spring of 1964—"and that's that."

The caucus broke out laughing. The statement was obviously a crude move to stop speculation about his retirement date and thus ensure that he is not a lame-duck leader. It was also, however, a typical Trudeau signal that they can stop bickering—because he has stopped bickering.

—MAY JASTAK

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Problems in judging a judge

Thomas Berger, 48, is an old hand at controversy, but the judge, who drew national attention when his neo-conservative commission successfully recommended in 1977 against positions in the high Arctic, is now at the centre of a debate over judges' conduct that could end with his removal from the bench. He is being investigated by a committee of the Canadian Judicial Council—a body of judges with the power to investigate any federally appointed judge.



Berger: "I feel an obligation to speak out"

Berger's alleged sin is that he gained in the national debate over the Constitution last November.

The trouble began after Berger delivered a speech at the University of Guelph on Nov. 10 and wrote an article published in *The Globe and Mail* (Nov. 18) in which he urged that Quebec's veto be removed and that aboriginal and treaty rights be maintained. That stance prompted Mr. Justice George Adair of the Federal Court of Canada to file a formal complaint that Berger had broken conventions by pressing in a political debate. Six days later, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, interviewed by Jack Webster on Vancouver's BCN, pronounced about Berger's conduct. "He was fit to get off the bench and enter into the physical arena of a very important

issue," Trudeau said. "I just regret this as the judiciary getting mixed into politics, and I hope the judges will do something about it."

They did. The full council of 27 judges will meet on May 31 in Ottawa to discuss the merits of the three-member commission's Berger, now a justice of the British Columbia Supreme Court in Vancouver, will not be there. He sent the council a copy of his speech and the article he wrote and advised J.J. Roberts, the commission's secretary, that he did not intend to participate in the exercise.

Parliament has the final say on a judge's impeachment, and no federally appointed judge has ever been removed from office. Since before the issue reaches that stage, though, the council is entering uncharted territory by considering findings on a judge's public statements. Judges are not allowed to speak, and there is no understanding that they must resign any membership in a political party when they are appointed to the bench as Berger, a former leader of the New Democratic Party in B.C., did when he was made a judge in 1971. His supporters across the country, who admire him for his strong stands on civil liberties and the rights of minorities, argue that the federal government is in fact rejecting his own political beliefs when they made him the commissioner of the Mackenzie Valley Pipeline Inquiry in 1974. "If governments want judges involved in political statements, then," Berger asks, "they shouldn't place them on commissions."

Donald Sanders, a professor of constitutional law and a former Berger law partner, says:

There were no complaints when Berger spoke in favor of the federal government's position on the Constitution and Charter of Rights at the Canadian Bar Association's annual meeting last September. Trudeau has described that as an important factor compared to the spreading of Berger's views in the *Globe*, but the earlier speech in Vancouver was reported by *The Canadian Press* and *The National*, the bar association's newsletter, to most of the lawyers and judges in the country.

"At a moment of constitutional re-examination," says Justice Minister of Quebec, Associate Chief Justice Brien MacKinnon of Ontario and Chief Justice William Ritchie of Alberta.

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Trudeau (left), MacLachlan and Kirby at Lake Louise cabinet conference, a far cry from the days of MacKenzie King

COVER

Ottawa's power brokers

By Robert Lewis

There were no ordinary birds, banished from some obscure perch for a dreary mission. They were the most reviled of Ottawa's breed, and this was the glorious morning for Canada's new Constitution on Parliament Hill. The Queen and three politicians, of course, symbolically inked their signatures on parchment, but it took these exiled deputy ministers to do the chores at the centre of the stage—use to read the proclamation in both official languages and two to hold it down for signing in the wind.

After an exercise that involved hundreds of civil servants, seemingly endless secret sessions and mountains of paper, it seemed inevitable that bureaucrats would be as plentiful as politicians at the patriation ceremony. Their presence in postscripts and marginalia was acknowledged a central fact of Ottawa life and confirmed a suspicion that is awake in the land: while the Liberal Party of Canada reigns is the House of Commons, the mandarins

of Queen's and Harvard rule on the Rideau.

Unlike the mass assemblage of officials that ran the Chinese Empire, Canadian mandarins do not wear distinguishing jewelled robes on their cape. In fact, they are no more visible than their quiet, studious predecessors who shaped the postwar Canadian society—and no less affirmed or decided. But today their numbers have swollen like the Yangtze in spring. Given a rising tide of complex issues, a palpable political void and their own instincts for survival, bureaucrats are more potent than ever before. Their reach may not embrace the bedrooms of the nation, but little else escapes their grasp—from oil in the basement to foam in the attic down eggs at the market to gas at the pump, from language of the workplace to disaster on the highway.

It is the sign of mandarin power in Ottawa's Parliament, with only ringing exceptions, has become a rubber stamp, with little real control over the public purse. Government regulations, drafted by bureaucrats, routinely pass in so

on the distracted nod of ministers at the rate of more than 3,000 per year. The torrents through the corridors of power this spring to enact a glimpse of Question Period, but the real decisions are made out back in the mandarin grove.

"More and more matters," submits former Conservative leader Robert Stanfield, "are being decided by and implemented by the bureaucracy." Michael Skoug, a veteran of the Liberal front bench and now commissioner of the exalted gas pipeline agency, observes that in most cases mandarins "have a greater influence upon the course of events than have ministers, particularly the less competent ministers." In a speech last month Conservative Leader Joe Clark recalled "the abuse of power by the senior public service." Clark declared, "The appointed government decides more than the elected government does."

Not that the elected are dumbing pilots. Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau has assembled the largest cabinet in Canadian history, with 26 eloquent members. But, with few exceptions—Marc

Lalonde, Jean Chrétien and Allan Rock—these are the most visible—never have so many ministers huddled at the top of a hill. Weighed down by three-inch-thick briefing books that they don't have time to read, ministers sit between caucus, questions, committees and constituents—while a select circle of selected mandarins, reporting to Trudeau through a prism of the process, Cabinet Secretary Michael Pitfield, expedites the real decisions (see following stories).

After two short years, a new constitution, the national energy policy, a season of province-building, federalism, deep cuts in passenger rail service and a reborn in subsidies for moving Prairie grain stand as vivid testimony to sweeping changes in Canadian society. Without the bureaucrats, it would not have been possible.

The breathtaking progress of initiatives was the product of a finely tuned system that is reminiscent of a 19th-century Indian city-state. Power is wielded in a central court of agencies in the Privy Council Office (PCO) and two new super-ministries for economic and social policy. The once-proud line departments, such as agriculture, transport and housing, have succumbed to the new practitioners, who promote the ruler's view of the way ahead—or leave if they do not. Trudeau now takes counsel from an increasingly narrow set of players, precluding more in the manner of pre-war than post-war.

On paper, there is an elaborate network of cabinet committees that are designed to put politicians back in charge of policy and, in pursuit of Trudeau's commendable goal, to subject decisions to editorial examinations of all available options. In truth, strong ministers might pose the way of C.D. Howe, Eric Kierulff and John Turner. Government back-benchers, in Trudeau's celebrated phrase, are just "bodies."

The ascendancy of bureaucrats is a worldwide phenomenon—and an abiding concern of politicians from Democracy Hall in Tagayuan Hall in China, where party leaders have lost control of a civil service that is 20-million-strong. 11 of 18 vice-premiers recently were purged in a major reorganization. In Washington, an available 3-to-4 precedent is under increasing fire for effectively transferring power to an untested cadre of California officials.



Lalonde with press secretary, Margaret Mevius, at a working point

In Canada there are a million civil servants and more than 300 departments and agencies in the federal and provincial governments. Fully 500,000 work for the feds, or the armed forces, and they generate an annual tab for salaries and benefits of \$4 billion. There are 65,000 provincial public employees and 50,000 more in the municipal level. Workers in the federal service, according to a 1980 study by the private Conference Board of Canada, generally are not paid more than their counterparts in industry, but provincial and municipal workers are.

Visibility, however, in one-tenth of the mix—and these days Ottawa is

Velveted heartaches and promotions



nothing if not visible. The Public Service Commission reports that the federal bureaucracy grew by 35 per cent last year. The number of bureaucrats making 100,000 and up has more than quadrupled to 2,962 in one year. Fully 93 deputy ministers and their equivalents, who run 35 departments and ministries and some 20 government agencies, earn between \$71,000 and \$90,000. Mandarins-chief Pitfield is revealed to be working behind a new \$4,000 desk.

That the top Ottawa mandarins earn less than their counterparts in the real world seems to matter not a whit. In-

cluded pensions, varied job tenure, chauffeur cars and lavish parties on Embassy Row abound. Meanwhile, the grossed \$100 million—the amount that was invested in the ill-fated Alouette project—an a disastrous competitive company investment, but an internal report detailing the missteps is suppressed. So are less his jobs. The strong resistance to long marches from the bureaucratic trenches, defending notions from a 19-page civil and diverting slowly invisible means to fund new monuments from mounting payroll debacles and soaring taxes. The pay package is so large, senior mandarins who are not deluged by offers of "free" government services are left with a sinking sense that governments are completely out of touch with times and real people like him.

Most senior mandarins were weaned in an era of long knives and unbounded ambitions. From the welfare state to the New Deal, to expense was spared, but the wind went out of the sailing in the mid-'70s when brown-shed schools advanced in times of want funds and mega-bills. Starting with Clark's short-lived government experiment in 1979 and then with a reborn Trudeau at the helm, Ottawa launched repeated efforts to stem the hemorrhage of public funds.

A revolutionary system of value democracy auditing and rigorous program review by groups from Bay Street was gradually embraced. Departmental managers set bonus points for building programs and had to earn promotions by staying lean. With fewer programs to produce, the bureaucrats resorted to reorganizing themselves into new cadres with longer titles and more acronyms. A whole new health care is "tele-policy"—the policy study of better

Backroom king of the Ottawa jungle

His influence is described as pervasive, yet after 20 years in government he defies anyone to point to "very many significant decisions on policy that I have made." Proudly admits his influence from his power and, sometimes, neglect his role. He is a sensitive and serious man, but throughout the Ottawa bureaucracy he is a constant source of chatter and gossip. In heated tones reserved for real battles of power, they simply call him "Michael."

He is P. Michael Pitfield, ex clerk of the Privy Council, secretary to cabinet and dean of the mandarins. He is also a begin-looking 44 and even has power to a close and long-standing association with Pierre Trudeau. That, in a town of tradition and networks, makes Pitfield the country's most controversial and influential public servant.

Although his powers are largely unacknowledged, they are considerable. He has and fires the staff of the Privy Council Office (PCO), including the 300-million cabinet office staff of 800 officials and administrative staff that advise the PM on matters of state, which select meetings and keeps an eye on all government departments and ministers. He mediates interdepartmental feuds, supervises work on the most sensitive issues in government and is the top bureaucrat on national security matters.

The elite Pitfield works directly over the bureaucracy is derived from the chairmanship of two little-known but powerful instruments. The Committee of Senior Officials (CSO) meets 12 to 15 times a year to appraise the work of 17 deputy ministers and to hand out promotions, raises and the occasional demotion. Under the "high fives" program, CSO selects a short list of promising young officials each year for special care and eventual elevation. Pitfield's Co-ordinating Committee of Deputy Ministers (CCDM) usually meets for a weekly lunch to co-ordinate the work of senior cabinet and the five policy committees, whose deputies are CCDM members.

Above all, Pitfield's standing is based on a professional and personal relationship with Trudeau going back 30 years. He has been a continuing object of controversy ranging from reports of holiday trips with Trudeau in their beachside days to his government appointment around. Late Trudeau, Pitfield was to the Montreal manor home, the last of seven children of Ward C. Pitfield and Grace MacDonnell. His elder brother, Ward Jr., went on to run the family investment business of Pitfield

Macley Ross. Michael instead emigrated to Ottawa in 1959 as a 25-year-old aide to David Fulton, the Conservative justice minister, joining another adviser from Montreal, a young lawyer named Mary Lalonde. When Pitfield became executive director of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police in the early 60s, one of the experts he tapped was a law professor at the University of Montreal named Pierre Turpin.

In 1964, when Trudeau, Lalonde and other Quebec opinion-leaders issued a reform manifesto, the bilingual Pitfield, then an attaché to Guy G.



PITFIELD WORKS ON THE

George Visser, translated the document into English. Pitfield and Lalonde met with Jean Marchand's Cap Rouge team near Quebec City in 1965 when a small group met to persuade Trudeau to run as a Liberal. At the time, Pitfield had just joined the PCO. Two years later, as assistant secretary at PCO, Pitfield was in the thick of planning Trudeau's bid for the Liberal leadership in 1971. Trudeau named Pitfield deputy secretary to cabinet and, in 1975, secretary.

Pitfield's father, the Trudeau's, died when Michael was young. There are three in Ottawa who insist that Ward Jr. was such a stern boss as the family that Michael, the younger brother, has been trying to get even ever since. Pitfield views his role more simply as that of a career civil servant. As such, he has participated in changes to Canadian society that may even outlast Pitfield. Mackay Jones. But in a rare interview, Pitfield refused suggestions that he runs the government. "Dispute resolution, personnel problems, crisis situa-

times, security and intelligence—those are the four things I do for a living."

As the government's manager of senior personnel, Pitfield really runs his shop. He seems forever at the center of power plays among ministers, department heads and PCO—although he carefully covers his tracks. One of the most celebrated and long-standing tasks behind the scenes has been between Pitfield and PCO over which agency has the final word on economic policy. Before 1973, when John Turner was the minister, Trudeau and Pitfield established a group of economists in PCO to advise the prime minister, without consulting the minister. Turner and his deputy, Stan Keeney, now see this as a direct challenge to Finance's hegemony. Turner's response was brutal but effective. "I gave [the] prime minister the choice between the group and my resignation," Turner revealed recently. Later, when Keeney and Turner bid for Pitfield wanted to install Ian Stewart, Trudeau's economic adviser at PCO, as deputy minister at Finance. The minister of the day, Jean Chrétien, successfully opposed the move. Finally, Stewart did get the job in 1980.

Perhaps the greatest impact of Pitfield years has been the specialization and politicization of the Ottawa bureaucracy. For instance, Michael Kirby, 40, a political staffer in both recent Liberal premier Gerald Reagan in West. Kirby and Trudeau in Ottawa, became head of federal-provincial relations at PCO in 1980. He authored the celebrated "Kirby memo" that proposed the divide-and-conquer strategy against the provinces on the Constitution.

Pitfield's close ties to Trudeau were the major factor in Clark's decision to fire Pitfield after the Conservative victory in May, 1987. Clark and Trudeau—his friend at a Harvard wedding of some size—Pitfield retreated to a kind of St. John's, seeking at Harvard. His severance pay was \$107,000. But, however, did not last long. As a precondition of returning from retirement in December, Trudeau obtained Pitfield's commitment to return if the Liberals were elected.

With the Constitution gutted, a new energy program on the books and the government's policy on fiscal arrangements with the provinces set, Pitfield opens a new chapter, retirement from PCO. For Pitfield, picking the best time for an exit is awkward. He knows that as soon as he goes everyone will conclude that Trudeau will not be far behind. After all, that's the way it has been for 20 years.

ways to make policy.

Still, the man here says—in the point that there is some wisdom about cabinet edicts of the late U.S. Senator Everett Dirksen's dictum, "A billion here, a billion there, pretty soon it adds up to real money." Even now, with federal spending projected at a record \$75.2 billion, retirement is in the air again. There is talk of rolling back civil servants' pay. A summit at Versailles looms next month as the venue for a retreat from current Canadian economic dogma—that is, from Harold Wilson. A national governing party struggles for its very survival while its last-yearing bureaucracy addresses the grim task of coping with past mistakes.

But in his recently issued *Ottawa Agenda: Four Year Dollars* (Ottawa: Dore), Dore concludes that neither scheme "does much in the short or medium term for economic development or the redistribution of income to disadvantaged Canadians." As they pursue the rest of their controversial program, Dore writes, "The Trudeau Liberals will most discreetly avoid real work of scheming schematics too cleverly."

The protected light of Alberta's Longhorn over energy is a man in point. The Alberta project, with its 30,000 jobs, is now on hold, and the National Energy Program (NEP) is a shadow in its debt. It is a far cry from the heady days when the NEP was born. Then, the key element was bureaucratic team play. Only the truly trusted and proven were assigned to duty in the delivery room.

Flowing from specific campaign undertakings in January, 1980, by Trudeau, the plan evolved another in succession. The group—readily secured when the NEP was made the centerpiece of the first Mulroney budget. As such, planning proceeded outside the normal cabinet decision-making process. About 20 officials from Energy and Finance were recruited to work with sealed lips under the direction of Energy's Marc Lalonde. The group included an industrial sociologist from PCO, Robert Kabanovitch. The members dubbed themselves "Brixis," an acronym that translates from French as "at last." Mickey Cohen, the energy deputy minister, best captured the spirit of Brixis when he joked in private that it was

"the Larry Cohen school of policy." The idea spread on the field was meant to grab the ball and run through the opposing line, looking back only after the set was done to explain the dynamics of the play. In this way, industry opponents were meant to be headed off at the impulse.

A central physician stood on the sidelines in the debate and scholarly presence of Edmund Clark, then only 36, and an economist trained at Harvard.

"He pitched that 'at least 30 percent of petroleum industry assets' would be Canadian-owned," Dore says. "It was a federal deal and not a concession."



The Queen flanked by Pitfield (center) and Arty

and securing its future in increasingly uncertain political climate.

Only a year ago there were few such doubts. Trudeau's Liberals had returned from Opposition with a vengeance, determined, this time, to leave a legacy of meaningful change in short order. The government launched plans to bring home the Constitution and to patriate the 101 Patch North. It was, wrote Carlson, political scientist Bruce Downs in his inevitable annual review of federal history, "the most relevant assertion of political belief and principle by the Liberals since the early years of the Pearson government."

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son. Clark had all the answers when the NFP was revealed to a waiting world in October, 1980. It was not long before industry lobbyists subjected Clark to the fiercest attack in recent memory as a public servant who was following around. Out came copies of the old Harvard thesis on socialism: Tarnashka (Clark placed first in his class and was a Woodrow Wilson fellowship). "To get change," Clark had written, "one must force the pace, decisively break with the past."

Those and other offending passages made the rounds of Calgary's Petroleum Club, highlighted in yellow marker pen. The decisions of the establishment mostly saw red. They concluded that Trudeau and friends seemed to indicate that their shoes were dyed tart. And that was before Calgary found out about intervention camps, a 17-year-old provision in Ottawa's planning act for war and other disasters.

There was rage in Old Faith North, too, with the revelation that Jim Bell, 41, vice president of Petro-Canada and a lawyer trained at McGill and Harvard, worked in Lalonde's office during preparation of the NFP. In Calgary, Bell, a former adviser to Trudeau and business executive, believed Herb Gray's Foreign Investment Review Agency, needed no introduction.

A third industrial badcomer also was a target. The Globe and Mail revealed that the day Michael Phillips signed on as executive assistant to Lalonde he also became a staff lawyer for Petro-Canada. This qualified the national oil company to boost Phillips' salary beyond the maximum \$30,000. Drivers executive assistants and to provide him with lower-level jobs, which he bought in a handsome \$150,000 Rockville Park home.

Perhaps it is only symbolism of the bureaucracy wars over energy that Phillips recently decided to pull up stakes in Ottawa. He said his income for an estimated \$50,000 profit and has signed on with Westcoast Transportation Co., which is controlled by Petro-Canada. Clark is slated to move to a Canadian government agency in Paris. Bell continues with Petro-Canada, which is now only slightly less reviled by Calgary oil barons.

Controversy about bureaucrats as a sign of the anxious times and an indication of the bureaucratic growing independence in political decisions. Their new visibility, however, is not the least of the problems that governments face. An equally imposing challenge is recruiting experts from the private sector to the most sensitive Ottawa posts. While middle management has many comparable salaries, of the very top the comparisons make bureaucracy seem a calling that is a crush.

The powerful and the appointed

The prime minister, on the advice of Cabinet Secretary Michael Pithbl, appointed 40 deputy ministers and heads of most agencies on the CSC. At the chief executive officers of departments, their choice depends on the times of the day. But few are more powerful than the men who run the central agencies, often Pithbl and other deputies and sit on the potent co-ordinating committee of deputy ministers. Among them:

Gordon Chubbakowski, 52, undersecretary, External Affairs (University of Toronto, Western Star): A prime architect of the government's internationalism in January, he moved from secretary of Economic Development to an expanded External in 28 quiet years as a civil servant. He has been a trade commissioner for 15 years, a departmental administrator and deputy of these other departments: commerce and corporate affairs under its first minister, John Turner; the prime, Jean Charest; and industry, trade and commerce under Jean Chrétien. A candidate to succeed Pithbl at Privy Council (and, the son of a Hamilton, Ont., furniture dealer, appears to expect government intervention. He played the key bureaucratic role in routing the backers of a nationalist industrial strategy and wrote the government's free-trade position paper on economic development last year, for which, on Pithbl's say, he was given the Order of Canada. A superb manager-taker ("he gives good advice") and a pragmatist, he is a self-described "non-committal." His five is suburban Nova Scotia, makes cheap Dutch Treat signs, works at a stand-up drink because of a bad back and is given to occasionally rambling in a cozier vein.

Ian Stewart, 50, deputy minister, Finance (Queen's, Oxford Rhodes Scholar, Cornell PhD): A veteran in bottom-down conservatism, he is a leading advocate of income redistribution and of reducing expenditures. Son of the water filtration plant manager on Toronto Island, where he grew up, he went on to teach economics at Hart House, then served in the Bank of Canada and Treasury Board in 1976. He became economic adviser to Trudeau in 1979 when the PM moved about an interventionist "new society" and the government moved out of control. He rose to favor rapidly under the Conservatives as Clark's chief adviser at the Treasury since 1979. As deputy minister of econ-

omic development, he was the water filtration plant manager on Toronto Island, where he grew up, he went on to teach economics at Hart House, then served in the Bank of Canada and Treasury Board in 1976. He became economic adviser to Trudeau in 1979 when the PM moved about an interventionist "new society" and the government moved out of control. He rose to favor rapidly under the Conservatives as Clark's chief adviser at the Treasury since 1979. As deputy minister of econ-



Microscopic minutes Chubbakowski (top left), Tarnashka (top right), Stewart (bottom left), and Stewart (bottom right) are more powerful.

onomic development, he was the water filtration plant manager on Toronto Island, where he grew up, he went on to teach economics at Hart House, then served in the Bank of Canada and Treasury Board in 1976. He became economic adviser to Trudeau in 1979 when the PM moved about an interventionist "new society" and the government moved out of control. He rose to favor rapidly under the Conservatives as Clark's chief adviser at the Treasury since 1979. As deputy minister of econ-

William Tarnashka, 55, secretary, ministry of state for economic and regional development (McGill): (Toronto, Michigan State MBA) A 55, secretary, assistant, he succeeded Chubbakowski at MREDD and chairs the weekly meeting of deputies from 20 departments. Their expanded mandate is to not red tape on development projects in the regions and to direct the province-based Federal Economic Development Co-ordinators (called POCs). Born in Winnipeg, he spent 15 years with the armed forces after the RCMP helped put him through school. After emerging the locals in three departments, he moved to POC in 1979, rising to deputy secretary under Pithbl. Already he is getting adept at bureaucratic sleight-of-hand, having recently blocked Pithbl's plan to have a photo official chair the new committee of individual officials in the regions. Now, Tarnashka's Policies are in charge.

Gordon Smith, 40, secretary, ministry of state for social development (McGill, Chicago, MIT PhD): The depletion of 11 social departments in his weekly 8:00 am committee. Many of them, over their jobs to Smith since, an associate secretary at POC, he was in charge of reviewing performance of the top officials for Pithbl. Born in Montreal, he became an analyst at Defence after getting his political science degree at MIT. He wrote the defence white paper for minister Donald Macdonald in 1973, then moved to POC for seven years. He prepared the briefing books for the new Clark government in 1979, then moved over to External as number 2, where he was now as both a "first plan" and a "Clark up." With the latter's return to power, he was named to head the social policy ministry, which has proceeded over a marked decline in spending as programs in line with government's shift in emphasis to economic development.

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Deputy ministers, the chief executive officers of departments, and even half the average salary of their equivalents in private industry, according to an unpublished outside professional survey of 130 major corporations. When private-sector staff options are considered, the top officials are 44 per cent, for example, a ranking deputy at a large department such as transport—its average spending of \$5 billion and 120,000 employees—earns \$94,000, compared to an average \$162,000 for similar duties outside. And, as one bureaucrat wrote in Ottawa, "there is no profit sharing in ours."

The gap between public- and private-sector pay is one reason that the delicate job of assistant deputy minister for communications goes to Ottawa's whole year. The salary is more than \$70,000, but top tax lawyers and accountants can command salaries easily twice that amount. Several mounted assistants have moved to Ottawa. In the end, the

job went to another young Harvard economist, Glenn Young, who is now assisted by the business community, Ed Chacko, for his role in tax changes proposed in the MacKenzie budget. As if to underline the perilous role of the youngest servant, MacKenzie reportedly now is taking associates that he was poorly advised.

In the grand tradition of Ottawa's mendacious mandarins, the salary has not been approved to date. As Minister Jack O'Brien noted in his forthcoming book, *The Ottawa Men* (Oxford University Press), bureaucrats back in the '60s and '70s "remained here they liked their work. They shared a belief that public service was a nice virtue. That is not so obvious any more. Now, each one is a selfish individual who values more individualistic. The best aspects are now the private sector and double their salary. Bigger doesn't

count so much any more. What does, increasingly, is pushing paper on the big files of the day, a desire to do good works and the opportunity to move up the ladder—from assistant to deputy minister, from New Edinburgh to Rideau Park. Above all, there is the sheer power of the place, which comes with having the right information. Under Trudeau, who sets rigorous standards for full inquiry, the bureaucracy has become an exciting laboratory for political and social movements, economists, lawyers and statisticians—many grown weary of the languid pace in academia. The bright and aggressive protesters have taken Canada to the cutting edge of experiments in governing systems, if not always to the art

of the state itself. British and American bureaucrats "follow" Ottawa's decision-making system, often in amazement at the lack of hierarchy and consensus on power that belie them at home. In Ottawa, as in any capital, information is power. The place that gathers it best is Cabinet Secretary Pinfild's PCO. Hundreds of pages of secret cabinet minutes, background papers and cabinet minutes are treasured along the wide corridors of the Langevin building and its annex daily. One entire copy in PCO is given over mainly to media coverage, as most since the 1970s has been a point of slandering that he doesn't follow his own press. From estimates newspaper clippings and videotape recordings of network television news shows—they

are available for review on cable the next day in the PCO offices—the communications secretariat prepares its Mediating report on how government news is being played. The note is distributed confidentially to a select list of 40 ministers, officials and such people as Liberal strategist Senator Keith Doherty. Getting along in the bureaucratic system requires an enormous appetite for reading and meetings, and a discreet ability to go along—with Trudeau's personal proclivities, with cabinet secrecy, with abrupt changes in the system. The system comes complete with a manual numbering prescription for doing things just so that even dictator the width of margins for notes to cabinet and the

Decision, the Holy Grail of government, are given. Surprisingly, there are legions of survivors in the state. Government service, for example, has taken Gerard Vaillancourt from a background out of New Orleans to the pinnacle of economic policy-making. The son of a Lebanese-Moroccan in Lebanon, Vaillancourt who died in his first year of high school, Vaillancourt was a company shareholder in Laval. Through connections at school, Vaillancourt landed a job with the Conservative government as staff assistant in Ottawa. The assistant minister of Finance, then Minister of Saskatchewan, Treasury official Al Johnson. When Johnson moved to Ottawa, he recruited Vaillancourt. In a similar manner, Vaillancourt, who had been in the federal government since the 1960s, was recruited by the Conservative Party as a cabinet advisor to Finance for federal-provincial relations. He was part of a small group that met regularly with Trudeau to plot con-

Bureaucracy at work

When almost Minister King was prime minister, he avoided the bureaucracy. In cabinet meetings and banned non-taking. In order to get the marching orders for the day, cabinet officer Arnold Boudreau entered the room after cabinet and emptied both sides of a desk, just those documents on the right side had been approved, those on the left had been rejected or deferred. The reasons for decisions resided in the minds of ministers.

Forty years later there are few surprises. A team of civil servants for the Privy Council Office (PCO) sits on virtually all sessions of cabinet. They take notes and record decisions that are based mainly on material that they themselves prepare. There is even a weekly no meeting called "The Boarding," at which the senior staff is briefed on cabinet decisions.

On paper, the system is decentralized (see chart). Cabinet, for example, when several ministers decide a matter, is decided by consensus of ministers—staffed and led by bureaucrats.

The PM presides at the top of a pyramid by chairing two morning cabinet meetings each week: planning and decisions. Known as the P and P and full cabinet on Thursday, P and P is the inner cabinet of 12 members who are no women members—who set overall directions and whose members regularly break off into smaller groups in private sessions with one another, the Constitution. The 35 members of full cabinet deal with business before Parliament, then that threaten

political barriers, appointing ministers and the state of the government. All in all, there are 12 to 18 committees of ministers—five of which have the power to select more than \$30 billion in spending—that must be approved by a full Ottawa, work (see chart).

The theory is that committees of ministers and their officials, through various departments will submit decisions, as Trudeau once put it, to "countervailing forces." That happened in the economic development committee. For example, when Pierre de Baul's Regional Economic Expansion wanted to encourage Volkswagen to locate a new plant in Quebec while Herb Gray's Industry, Trade and Commerce favored a site in Ontario, Trade eventually won. Jean-Jacques Pélissier proposed to end subsidies for moving Prairie grain, objections from Saskatchewan Senator Hazen Argue resulted in the appointment of an outside expert to recommend policy reduction in the Cows rate.

Because P and P is the inner cabinet, some trading and assembly and debates—Pélissier's Via Rail passenger cuts were before cabinet for six months—there is a kind of analysis paralysis in government. Ministers involved, understandably, are likely to knock a system that allows them a treasure chest at the cabinet table. Privately, several concede

that they are so overloaded with detail that the mandarins, who have more time for paper and meetings, effectively shape decisions.

The most controversial aspect of the system is so-called "cabinet opposition"—that is, for every committee of ministers there is a parallel group of deputy ministers from the same department. Normally, the senior minister must meet the week before the ministers decide a specific issue.

Occasionally, the mirror groups produce an analysis of every departmental move to cabinet, however out interdepartmental crises and prepare a brief "assessment report" on options. Officials insist that the assessments are unwaveringly neutral, but some ministers are not so sure. The assessment report, often an Liberal minister, often have little to do with the assessment, that it is difficult for someone who has not produced a cabinet proposal

A week in the life of the government



Cabinet committees and their spending envelopes



proposal to know the original intent. Because each cabinet spends more time reviewing the case than the decision pages and background papers up to 100 pages, many ministers mainly depend on the two- to four-page statements by officials. Alan McGrath, former Conservative minister of Fisheries, asserts that by the time the decision is made, all the work has been done.

Firm MacDonald, Clark's former estate affairs minister, says that she sought a proposal to establish a committee of officials at the private sector. "Such a system effectively allows the policy against that an entire committee might otherwise consider."

Cabinet Secretary Michael Pinfild demands he argues that if a minister reads 100 pages of documents for every cabinet decision, "he will know of any cabinet thought that impinges on his department." "If his deputy is any good at all," Pinfild adds, "the deputy will not only

know everything that is before cabinet, he will know of anything that is in the course of preparation."

That can be a tall order. Five ministers and their deputies are on its committee. Finance Minister Allan Rock, who sits on seven boards, is the president of the Treasury Board, on eight. In reality, the cabinet members have to pick their spots, intervening only in matters of interest. "It's not business possible," Johnston notes, "for me to follow all of the things, all of the time." Says Trade Minister Ed Leamy: "The system is based on trust of one another. You could spend every waking minute, every day of the week, reading documents." Nonetheless, Leamy claims he works 100 hours per week.

In addition to reviewing specific policy issues, the cabinet committees are also responsible for developing up so-called spending envelopes. These are 10 broad areas of government expenditure that P and P establishes each fall, usually during retreats to such places as Lake Louise, Banff, or Cape Breton's O'Brien Lodge. The spending limits are based on projections of anticipated revenue by Finance and of expected requirements by Treasury Board. These numbers, in turn, are derived from the various departments and their officials. In King's time, undoubtedly, the PCO would have remained in the left side of the box forever and a day.

Known as the Policy Expenditure Management System (PEMS, for short), the scheme is one of the most limiting, if little-known, innovations of the Clark government. For the first time under PEMS, an individual minister approved by cabinet unless funds are available in the appropriate spending envelope. If particular proposal threatens to take a policy commitment beyond its established limits, equivalent rules have to be made in other areas. The scheme is designed to ensure that the government's total spending is within the limits of the federal budget. For example, cabinet made drastic cuts in rail service along transcontinental routes. Rail policy committee establishes a "reserve" each year for emergency cuts, and these funds are appropriated at periodic committee meetings called "reserves" at economic development and "banking days" at the social development committee. In the case of Consolidated Companies (an OGI), economic development, ministers faced a fire sale. In a decade federal loans from the OGI investment totalled \$25 million, and it took the government two years to decide how to cut out of the OGI. The OGI case is a classic example of firefighting in cabinet committees. Bugged down in a situation inherited from the past, operating on misleading assumptions, the ministers strove for maximum damage in the end, the ministers cut their losses in the end, the extent of which would still be cabinet secret but some concerned leaders not least the desire to the opposition and reporters. The government, it is clear, is a system designed to be efficient. In King's time, undoubtedly, the PCO would have remained in the left side of the box forever and a day.

stitutional strategy against provinces he once served. Veilieux, in fact, helped develop the concept of imbalances in Confederation that led to cuts in federal transfers and Trudeau's proclamation of the death of co-operative federalism.

Between his stints in Ottawa, Veilieux worked in Quebec City, just before the Union Nationale government fell to Robert Bourassa's Liberals and during the darkness of October, 1970. "I lived the Great Swindle," Veilieux recalls without apology. "Fear had invaded society."

Returning to Ottawa from Quebec City, Veilieux found himself in the midst of another kind of shoving war: an official dealing with royal policy in Ottawa. His old mentor, Johnson, was steering then-Health Minister Marc Lalonde's guaranteed annual income proposals through cabinet and, as it happened, around Finance deputy Sidney Sherman. Veilieux's boss hit the roof, ordering fellow fiscal conservative John Turner, Sherman's minister, in a somewhat reluctant to torpedo Lalonde and Johnson. "I felt like a Ping-Pong ball," says Veilieux. "One had to keep some distance between your work and yourself."

Veilieux, of course, is only one example of thousands of bureaucrats who flourish in the Ottawa system. Unlike the days when Old Boys dived up the

nation in the back room of Madame Burger's café or at the Chateau Laurier coffee shop, Trudeau's bureaucracy is more pluralistic.

Yet, at only 40 and as the recently elevated number 2 at Economic Development, Veilieux is representative of a prevailing—bureaucratic—trend that also causes heartaches. Like most senior managers now, the deputy perfect is younger than the troops below.

The emphasis on youth and bilingualism has caused an exodus of bureaucrats with experience, many of whom end up working on government contracts that exceed their old salaries. There is a kind of blockage in the system, with the agnostics on promotions, funds, and opportunities for workers. Many senior and middle managers now feel trapped.

Dilection and frustration in the ranks would be a small price to pay for results. But with inflation, unemployment and interest rates at staggering highs, with the West riding and Quebec's future still uncertain, there is



King with his cabinet and boxes: more individualistic

cause for pause about high flying as the *Ridings*. In the words of disgruntled Sidney Sherman, who left Finance shortly after Trudeau took over, "a great system doesn't matter if you get lousy decisions."

Bureaucrats cannot be blamed for all of government's ills. That accounting comes for politicians at the polls. But clearly something is awry since these days as the nation's capital—and the bureaucracy is not part of the solution.

What can be done? Douglas Martin, the disaffected federal Treasury Board

programmer now back at the University of Toronto, argues that there are simply too many government departments. He suggests that some, such as the Treasury Board and Finance, could be merged. Darcy McKenough, the former Ontario treasurer who is now president of Union Gas Ltd., advocates a redrawing of responsibility between federal and provincial governments to eliminate needless duplication.

High Stakes, the radiant demagogue grace to Ontario Premier William Davis, claims that bureaucrats should be strictly political, changing with governments. "Their tenure," Segal wrote in the Institute for Research on Public Policy's quarterly review, *Public Choice*, "should not, as a matter of both principle and practice, outstrip that of those whom they advise." It is perhaps as easy as coffee for a national governing Ontario Tory to adopt, but one that is shared with modifications by the Ontario University of York's *Consensus*. "Peter Cameron has observed, 'by definition cannot be 'neutral.' Perhaps the surest way to increase accountability for public servants, he observes, is to 'go the whole distance and hold them accountable to the public.'"

Conservative Leader Clark advocates public hearings in parliamentary committees before the appointment of senior officials, on the Washington model

In his speech last month he also issued the modest proposal that governments stop forcing all their MPs to vote the same way on legislation. Foes of party whips, backbenchers thus could vote their conscience and their reprieve without fear of retribution. In the process, it is hoped, they could force improvements in policy.

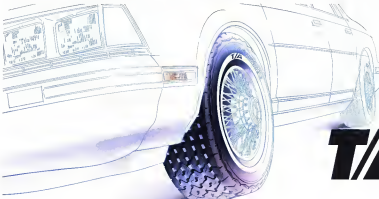
From deep inside the Trudeau cabinet comes a suggestion to trim, with the times—less government. The source seeks anonymity, but not surprisingly the minister sits on the right—that is, in the Economic Development committee not Social Policy. The notion is neither more daring than to give ministers their own desks, nor as radical as the incessant demand for policy frameworks and strategic overviews. In this refreshing view, a minister actually would be allowed to run his or her own show—as Marc Lalonde does in Energy, with a specific spending allocation drawn from other departments. The latter cabinet would still set overall direction, but ministers would have more authority to take initiative—and blame.

Government also needs to become less ostentatiously huge and waste space. There should be fewer long-term purchase appointments and more information released in advance of decisions—instead of the load of pap from

government's well-oiled advocacy advertising shops. Perhaps, perchance the nation's governing thought, there should be a limit on the length of time—say, eight years—that a politician or bureaucrat can stay in office.

Short of bold solution, the nation runs the risk of playing a scenario that was tellingly sketched earlier this year during the sold-out run of the *Uttawa*. Little Peter's bureaucratic fumes, Don't Goopit, *Functionaries* is was written by real-life bureaucrat Chris Burke, who obviously knows whom he writes.

It was Act I, Scene 2 and the magic moment for director Peter Davidson had arrived. His shop had been asked to write a cabinet document—CAES006 on *America City*—listing the most "significant" national heritage sites. Davidson called for coffee and stashed his French lesson, only to discover that the eager, young Paul Sturis was actually proposing that government men be asked for their views. Davidson lectured his aide about keeping men's length from petty paragonage. Sturis reported as blankly, "Our job is to keep these politicians happy—so that we can get on with running the country." Soberly, the audience of civil servants did not react to the line. Too obviously it was a matter of art in a true imitation of their daily life. ☐



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Argentinian troops on the Falklands: a firm but distant stronghold on the islands

WORLD

The Falklands' final countdown

By Jane Offner

"It must be ended. It will be ended." That stern message from Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher last Friday seemed more than just another round of rhetoric on the crisis in the South Atlantic. After six weeks of restrained military engagements, stammering diplomacy and blustering threats, Thatcher's one-line warning had a chilling finality. Like a seasoned chess player familiar with the black and white of the battle, Thatcher appeared to signal the start of the Falklands and games. However, even with Britain's major pieces poised for the next move, the unanswered question was still which way would the game end? In a last-minute peace formula or a full-scale assault?

The military threat loomed ominously over a week in which stopgap diplomacy at the United Nations was punctuated by small-scale skirmishing around the Falkland Islands themselves. In London, there were rumors of cabinet dissension but an increasingly broad tide of public support for a hard-line stand. The same seemed true in Buenos Aires, where Argentine President Leopoldo Galtieri said he expected a British attack. If it was to come, the message from Washington was that any U.S. help would be limited as the United States moved significantly to mend fences with its Latin allies.

But it was Britain's intentions that captured world attention by week's end. On the one hand London publicly continued to "turn the screw" as Sir Hanham burned through the sky Friday night in the latest bombing raids of the Falklands, striking at Port Stanley. Equally obvious were Britain's via Ambassador Sir Anthony Parsons and its Washington envoy, Sir Nicholas Henderson. Both men were recalled to London for emergency consultations. Par-

In a week that saw sporadic British attacks, Argentina suffered small but significant losses

sons' departing optimism that the talks were still in business was overshadowed in London, where Thatcher told Conservative Party members that chances of a peaceful settlement looked bleak.

The British prime minister's brusque statements confirmed worldwide fears that the latest round of peace negotiations between Britain and Argentina—started eight days earlier by UN Secretary-General Javier Pérez de Cuellar—had fallen on rocky ground.

Throughout the week, both sides turned up for their separate daily meet-

ings with Pérez de Cuellar on the 38th floor of the UN building in New York City. But by week's end the "revolving-door diplomacy" had achieved only marginally more than the earlier "shuttle diplomacy" of U.S. Secretary of State Alexander Haig. As UN spokesman François Giscard put it, "Yes, there is movement. The elevators are going up and down to the 38th floor."

Although diplomats on both sides refused to reveal details of the substance of the negotiations, senior UN diplomats acknowledged that some issues appeared to be on the brink of settlement. Both Britain and Argentina apparently made concessions aimed at achieving a ceasefire that would be followed by the joint withdrawal of Argentine and British task force troops. Should that happen, a temporary United Nations administration of the Falklands would be established.

The logjam in the discussions centered on the next stage of direct talks between Britain and Argentina to determine whose flag will ultimately fly over the islands. Despite a flurry of conflicting Argentine statements on the issue of sovereignty, Buenos Aires still appeared to demand an assurance that the islands—which they call Las Malvinas—would end up in Argentine control. London insisted just as firmly that future talks should not be weighted so heavily in Argentina's favor.

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Britain's position was partially dictated by assumed domestic considerations. An opinion poll published last week indicated that 70 per cent of Britons see in favor of an invasion if the Argentines do not compromise. And 56 per cent are prepared to see this move in order to regain the Falklands.

The belated public mood was perhaps best mirrored in a dispute that broke out between Tory MPs and the BBC over coverage of the conflict. The outraged MPs charged that the reporting in, at worst, pro-Argentine and, at best, too even-handed to be objective. Fleet Street's tabloids, seldom noted for their objectivity, also entered the fight. The Sun—which has run such headlines as **SMACK IT UP YOUR BUTT, AND GUZZARD** (over a picture of the visiting Argentine cruiser the General Belgrano)—accused BBC's anchorman Peter Snow of being a traitor. Added Sir Winston Churchill, president of the war-time leader: "During the Second World War

we did not see fit to give equal time to Dr. Goebbels' propaganda machine." For its part, the BBC also back: "We do not need lessons in patriotism."

In Argentina, too, journalists were receiving first-hand instruction in the art of pro-independence in separate radio, sea, American and three British television reporters were handed into waiting cars, robbed, strapped, and stretched outside Buenos Aires by right-wing squads that normally operate with tacit government approval. Later, in an attempt to shield the junta from a public relations disaster, President Galtieri gave the British TV crew dinner and an economic interview.

Galtieri told the journalists that Argentina will never lower its flag on the islands. But the president had greater concerns than addressing British journalists' fears. In a week of sporadic British attacks aimed at severing the sea and air blockade, Argentina suffered small but significant losses that forced a re-examination of its tactical situation. Military sources in Buenos Aires tried to downplay the British attacks as a nuisance shelling designed to soften up the Falklands defenses. But by week's end, Argentina had lost three land-based A-4 Skyhawk fighters, two of which were hit by Sea Wolf missiles that travel at twice the speed of sound and home in on targets using a futuristic computer and radar system.

Earlier, a Royal Navy frigate—thought to be one of nine regularly patrolling the sound between the East and West Falkland islands—shelled and apparently sank an Argentine supply ship attempting to run the blockade. Britain's first but distressing struggle at the islands was also demonstrated

Garrick reinforcements shipping out militarily turning the screw

when Harrier jump jets such as the Argentinian bomber thought to be spying on the fleet.

There were signs of fissures, too, in Argentina's national solidarity when the populist Peronist party held its first official meeting in a Buenos Aires housing annex. Thunders would and drums sounded as the taped voice of exiled former president Isabel Peron—now living in Spain—was piped over loudspeakers, inciting the crowd to frenzy. One party member changed that although the government thought the rally was held to show support, it was in fact an anti-junta demonstration.

That was not the only sign of stress in the Argentine camp. The 180 soldiers and civilians captured by British troops when they invaded South Georgia returned to Buenos Aires without official ceremony, although adoring crowds

Parsons: revolving-door diplomacy



made it seem that the Argentines had been the victors. And late in the week the government announced that about 300 soldiers were transferred from the nuclear cruiser General Belgrano to the capital steel, shorewards were derailed in line with new regulations to conserve power for the war effort.

As Argentina prepared for the next onslaught, Washington knocked an eleven-hour move to patch up its already damaged relations with the junta and to salvage its tattered Latin-American policy. President Ronald Reagan swiftly dispatched U.S. special ambassador Vernon Walters to Buenos Aires to ally fears that Argentina had been abandoned by its American ally. While Washington tried to downplay the rift, the Reagan administration seemed to be desperately playing both sides against the middle. For one thing,

Washington was officially backing Britain. But the administration was hesitant to provide more than fuel and food supplies on American Island and the loss of several KC-135 aerial tankers in Range to release another British aircraft for the Falklands. For another, the United States wanted to maintain relations with the Latin American junta. With about 220 military advisers and counter-intelligence specialists in Honduras, Panama and El Salvador—all firm U.S. allies. Said U.S. Latin-American expert Larry Bern: "Walters went to secure Buenos Aires, although Reagan was fed by the allies to take with Britain, he is still supportive of Argentina in the Latin American context." Then, in an interview widely quoted in Buenos Aires, Walters saved junta with a strong verbal slap at Thatcher. Describing the junta as a "coalition of machismo," Walters added, "The machismo of women is even more sensitive than the machismo of men."

On Saturday, as both sides re-counted their diplomatic shenanigans, British forces struck again. Commandos landed an airstrip on Pebble Island, north of West Falkland, blowing up a huge ammunition dump and claimed to have destroyed 11 planes before retreating to the task force.

The action was typical of overall British tactics: grab-it-and-run attacks meant more to disturb than to destroy. And despite the diplomatic strains and the dispatch of Britain's 3,000-strong commando force aboard the Queen Elizabeth 2, Galtieri, in a TV interview, cynically forecast a peaceful solution this week. But as the Pebble Island raid showed, the military nose was tightening remorselessly.

Walt: Royal Highness at the United Nations
Carol Kennedy in London, William Leather in Washington and Alan Penny in Buenos Aires.

AFGHANISTAN

The rebels' desperate summer

Moscow's correspondent David Rhee recently spent three weeks with the Afghan rebels (Moscow, May 17). In his second dispatch he describes their growing exhaustion and a new spirit of aggression in Soviet attempts to crush resistance. Rhee's report.

The increasing road damage into the hillsides. Desperately looking for cover, a group of hard-bitten Afghan guerrillas fired ineffectively at the pro-Soviet militia position on the ridge above. Another mortar round crashed into trees 60 m away, briefly drowning the stragglers in a cacophony of fire.

The tug-of-war, near the Soviet border town of Bagram in Khost province, was typical of dozens in the Afghan countryside this spring. With the melting of the winter snows, thousands of ill-trained Afghan farmer-guerrillas are leaving Pakistan refugee camps to do battle with the hard-core Soviet occupation army. Like the warring mountain streams, blood is once again flowing in torrents over this tortured land.

The 120-year company of Mujahideen on the hillsides near Bagram is commanded by a Tajik—old white-bearded mullah. Though clearly scorned by his men, the Major, as he is called, seems to have no discernible military skills. His men are well armed with infantry weapons—automatic rifles and machine-guns, a few rocket launchers and an assorted supply of

munitions and hand grenades. But, lacking the means to deal with the ever-present Soviet helicopter gunships, they have taken several days to retake Bagram—one of two major Soviet control points in the lush Kharz River valley. (The other is the city of Herat).

On the way they passed through the "liberated" town of Nari. Biting at dusk, however, it soon became clear what the term meant. Piles of torn clothing littered across unwatered fields that once had borne tall stalks of wheat. The town itself was devoid of life. Once a bustling rural center with a population of 5,000, it offered only the crumbling remains of bombed-out buildings and the eerie artifacts of life before the Soviet invasion. Torn pages of newspapers were blown amid the rubble of the schoolhouse, a rusted toilet, punctured by a bullet, was all that remained of one family's kitchen.

A guide explained that, last fall, a large force of Mujahideen stormed the town, wiping out the government presence. The next day the Soviet air force began the systematic destruction of Nari's 20-century-old traditions as an isolated place. Retaliatory bombing is widely seen by the Soviets. The Mujahideen controlled much of Kandahar, Afghanistan's second-largest city, earlier this year. But the Soviet and Afghan military threw a ring around the city and bombed an estimated 400

Guiltless with unprovoked Soviet bombs
Guzzling off a flood of men and arms



Argentine UN negotiator Enrique Paez





Afghan government fighters: no more hoary assurances of victory

quarter of it into oblivion. Only a handful of the thousands reported to have been wounded managed to escape to hospitals in Pakistan.

After leaving Nari, the guerrillas advanced cautiously. The day before the attack on Baidet was spent sleeping under the cover of trees. At sunset the rebels moved up the hillside in order to seize the ridge that commands the position. But barely a third of the way up they themselves were ambushed. Shouts and curses filled the night. The Major had issued vague orders for two rebel columns to set up covering fire while two others advanced. But lack of military training prevented the Mujaheddin from depicting effectively. After two hours, the rebels withdrew into the night. Incidentally, only three had suffered injuries.

What was significant about this engagement was not its immediate result but the fact that the rebels' opponents were a new and increasingly threatening force—members of the government-controlled civilian militia. For two years the Soviet-supported Bakshi Karmal regime has been dispatching large sums of money to rural areas in an effort to attract recruits. At first guerrilla leaders scoffed at the money. The fierce patriots and strong religious beliefs of the Afghan tribes, they said, would preclude any significant response. But today the militia has become a threat in several provinces. The recent killings in many areas are resented and interpreted as a result of the war. In addition, centuries of intertribal feuding have made it easy for

the Soviets to play one group against another.

Along with these resulting efforts, Soviet forces are employing new, aggressive tactics. In a battle last month in Pakria province, just over the Pakistani border, several thousand Soviet paratroopers and helicopter-borne assault troops surrounded and cut to pieces a large guerrilla force. It was one of a series of effective actions—along a 500-km stretch of Afghanistan's border with Pakistan's Northwest Frontier Province—that dwarf those of previous years. Medical workers at the Red Cross hospital in Peshawar—which treats only battle-wounded—report an unprecedented surge in admissions.

Moscow reportedly believes—erratically, according to most analysts—that if it can choke off the increasing spring flood of arms and men, resistance can be contained, even crushed. The Major does not agree. "We will win because God helps those who fight oppression," he says. "This struggle is a test of our faith."

Faith alone, however, will not defeat the most powerful conventional army on earth. Even among the Mujaheddin's religious-minded leadership, this fact has begun to sink in after three full years of Soviet occupation. The guerrillas now raise the hoary assurance of victory that used to fill their exaggerated press releases. There is a desperate mood in the pair's fighting—a sense by both sides, perhaps, that the course of the war over the next 18 years could well be determined by which side bolts the initiative by the end of summer. ☐

UNITED STATES

The revolt of the hawks

Political honeymooners are truly shocked when stomach aches suddenly become vocal critics. This, in essence, is the awkward situation confronting the Reagan administration. The president is facing an incipient revolt of the hawks. Among right-wing practitioners and conservative hawk theorists, Reagan's foreign policy—especially his handling of United States-Soviet relations—is not nearly Reaganite enough. The president once boasted that relations with the Soviet Union—trade, arms control, security—would be governed by Moscow's behavior in Poland, Afghanistan and elsewhere. But current policies, critics now charge, are too dovish. The hawkish, neo-conservative Norman Podhoretz, near "a surprisingly close resemblance to the original strategy of détente as conceived by Richard Nixon and Henry Kissinger in 1970." The whole concept of linkage—American grain, technology and credits in exchange for Soviet restraint—has been exposed as little more than rhetorical Souths.

Nor are the president's former friends likely to derive much encouragement from the White House's latest diplomatic initiative: strategic arms reduction talks (START). Unveiled recently in a commencement address at Rensselaer College in Albany, the president's proposal invites the Kremlin to begin serious arms-control discussions next month on the most destructive weapons in the nuclear arsenals of both sides, intercontinental ballistic missiles (ICBMs). As currently envisaged, the talks would be two-phased. In the first stage, Washington proposes to state

Gorbachev in Moscow: God given duty



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back the number of missile warheads on each side by roughly a third—from 7,500 to 5,000. Once agreement on this issue is reached, talks will proceed to a second phase—negotiating ceilings on the "three weapons," or payoffs, of all nuclear warheads.



Alexander Lebedev

However, Lebedev's reaction was cool, but hardly rejection. The Soviet news agency TASS confined its commentary to reporting statements by European and American critics of the Reagan plan, preempting Washington's Kreeftenbergists to conclude that a more detailed response was being prepared. It could be delivered as early as this week, when Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev is scheduled to address the next congress of the Young Communist League.

But if Reagan's proposal disappointed his conservative partisans, it nevertheless was greeted by second military and political circles. It took some of the resonance out of the domestic voices calling for an immediate total nuclear freeze. And it will almost certainly ease tensions during the president's European trip next month.

Ultimately, the plan is also weighted heavily in Washington's favor. Majors is being asked to retreat in precisely the category of its greatest strength and the United States' greatest weakness—land-based missiles. And, since the focus of reductions is on street numbers of warheads—not on the weapons delivering them—the Pentagon's plans for the 1980s, Trident submarines, the B-1 bomber and the cruise missile would be protected from attack.

Still, as the president made clear at his press-time news conference last week, even these systems are negotiable. "Our decision was to start with the most destructive and the most destructive," he said. "You can't bite it all off in one bite." Indeed, arms-control negotiations are an exceedingly complex affair. The last set, the unratified SALT II treaty, was seven years in the drafting. It is this delay, accompanied by arms buildup on both sides, that fuels the nuclear-freeze movement. As Senator Edward Kennedy (D-Mass.) put it, "A freeze is the only idea which can stop the spiral of nuclear-arms development in the near-term."

Another latent option fueling fear in some circles is formal ratification of the SALT II treaty. Former secretary of state Henry Kissinger gave it qualified support last week. But the White House has clearly washed its hands of the treaty.

But there is a curious sense in Washington that despite the obvious obstacles, the present domestic atmosphere favors an agreement of some kind. With Poland and Afghanistan still active hotbeds, Moscow is believed to need a peace offensive of its own. Hence, Soviet like all Soviet politicians in the political arena, is perhaps the only one capable of selling significant arms cuts in a Republican Senate.

For their part, world religious leaders—including American evangelist Billy Graham—were taking no chances on the politicians during a visit to Moscow last week. A conference titled as Saving the Sacred Gift of Life from Nuclear Catastrophe declared that mankind is near the brink of annihilation. Said Graham: "We have a God-given duty to avert a nuclear catastrophe." It is the chain spreading recognition of duty from politicians that Washington and Moscow have been left to bridge.

—MICHAEL PRINCE in Washington, with Keith Chamber in Moscow

Dress rehearsal for Versailles

It is the pastoral splendor of Versailles, a tangle of ancient banners fluttered the sails inside the Grand Trianon, Louis XV's pink marble palace, slated to serve as private club for seven Western leaders next month, weekend were scrambling to install a contemporary touch the King of France lived without—extra bathrooms. But as top economic officials from 24 industrialized nations huddled a few days

away in a Paris chateau last week at the Organization of Economic Co-operation and Development's 31st Ministerial Council, it became clear that updated planning isn't all that needs to be reported into Versailles.

A six-day rehearsal for the key economic summit, the two-day event also provided a gloomy preview of the spectacle to come. Behind the bland, procedural bureaucracy of its first, 18-page communiqué by the disinterested media that—faced with the greatest economic prognosis in postwar history—the West stands stubbornly disenchanted over how to start its way clear.

The meeting's chairman, New Zealand Prime Minister Robert Muldoon, emerged to trumpet his surprise at the "lack of acrimony." But his favored cheerleaders noticed only that in lambasting the United States' refusal to lower interest rates, the assembled 35-some ministers kept their language polite. Allan MacEachern was one. He delivered a much-worn-out and tooled-down version of the startling gloves-off attack he had unleashed in Ottawa's House of Commons the previous Friday. But in underlining the "new urgency" of interest-rate reduction, MacEachern summed up the Europeans' growing anguish that—despite Washington's assurance—any downturn of U.S. interest rates will come too late for their fragile economies.

Revised forecasts from the normally conservative OECD secretariat fed those worries. The ministers were told that the United States' refusal to lower interest rates meant that the OECD's December forecast of a 1.58-per-cent growth rate by the end of this year must be revised to 0.8 per cent—virtually no growth at all. Unemployment in OECD countries would hit two new mass peaks to 10 per cent, or 30 million people.

Awed with that bleak outlook and corroborating pessimism from forecasters as varied as the European Commis-

MacEachern (left), Donald Regue, sharing gloves-off attack



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sity and the International Monetary Fund, French Finance Minister Jacques Delors warned that the recession could eventually turn into a "depression." Delors' attitude came down to a prescription that every country should find for itself—a resigned "agree-to-disagree" as solutions that is expected to be the conclusion of the summit as well. "Each nation will fight its own evils," observed Mitterrand.

But failure to reach a consensus bodes ill for President Ronald Reagan's hopes that success at Versailles will divert attention back home from the failure of his economic policy and help increase his popularity. Instead, Reagan will be forced for his first state visit to Europe to find the allies still awaiting from Treasury Secretary Donald Regan's dismissal of the OECD last week of any "quick and dirty" financial fix.

Meanwhile, interest rates aren't the only thing Europeans have with their antagonistic administrations. Also sure to be aired are such hotly issues as tensions over agricultural policy, the continuing dispute over lending to East bloc countries and Washington's veto of an increase in aid to Third World countries. Indeed, help for the least developed nations, a subject dear to the hearts of both French Minister of Finance Jacques Mitterrand and French President François Mitterrand, the summit's host, is shaping up as another major contentious issue. Many OECD finance ministers flew on from Paris to Helsinki for a meeting of the International Monetary Fund's Interim Committee, chaired by MacBride, which shapes Third World lending policy. Behind closed doors, spokesman of the world's richest nations confronted a damning report from the Group of 24, a club of nations that has been at the head of assembling the world's poorest countries. These impoverished nations said high interest rates would boost their combined foreign debt to \$500 billion by year's end and push up interest charges so that to more than 20 per cent of their total exports.

The following day many of the same group listened to World Bank President A.W. Clausen assail the United States for triggering a further debt crisis by delaying its contributions to the International Development Association, the arm of the World Bank that provides interest-free loans to countries with a per-capita income of \$400 or less.

As the bell rang to end the Paris to Helsinki, the Versailles summit already was clouded with fog. Mitterrand's even the site seemed ill-omened. Seven leaders will be missed and dead in luxury amid the gardens where Marie Antoinette once played billie, shepherds while her country's starving subjects clamored at the gate for bread.

—MARCUS McDONOUGH IN PARIS

NEW JERSEY

Grubby hands in the Garden State

After the votes had been counted in New Jersey's municipal elections last week, the question and drama was asking was not who had won but how long the victors would be able to enjoy their success. The day before the vote, William V. Maione, mayor of Union City, was sentenced to a seven-year prison term on federal racketeering charges. Not far away in Newark,



Bontempo's accusations

The criminal charges drew national media attention. But in Newark, Mayor Kenneth Gibson and the chief rival for his office, Earl Harris, closed their campaign under the shadow of indictments for corruption and misconduct which could disqualify them from holding office.

The decision will be very closely watched by the 50-year-old Gibson, Newark's first black mayor, whose predecessor, Hugh Addonizio, was accused of federal bribery and racketeer-

ing charges. Originally, Gibson, an engineer by training, campaigned as a reformer who would clean up the grubby government machine. But after 12 years in office, his administration has been reared by charges of misconduct, including a federal investigation into the murder of campaign funds to a Swiss bank account. That investigation, however, yielded no indictment despite his efforts, was the real able to trap Gibson in the Addonizio probe.

The mayor's current problems began last summer with an outbreak of vandalism in a Newark suburb. Where was Michael Bontempo, the department of water supply's director of safety, in this hour of need? Answer: the 35-year-old former accountant was at home in Florida. Gibson, along with Harris, was accused of appointing Bontempo to a "no-show" job for which he was said to have been paid \$11,000 over a seven-year period.

As the outcry grew, Gibson claimed that Bontempo's appointment was an example of co-operation between the city's two largest, and frequently hostile, ethnic groups, blacks and Italians. But that explanation clearly didn't satisfy the voters. For the first time in his political career, Gibson failed to gain a majority. He and Harris will meet in a runoff in mid-June.

The result may prove to be academic, however. Following the Bontempo scandal, both Gibson and Harris face trial in September. Conviction on all 141 counts of indictment could bring either man a maximum fine of \$700,000, a whopping 60-year prison term and disqualification from the post of mayor.

—KIM CHRISTOPHER IN NEW YORK

Musko with wife: the sentence for racketeering was seven years



BUSINESS

The blame is meted out at Sysco

By Michael Chagnon

The familiar orange plane no longer hangs over the huge warehouses of the Sydney Steel Corporation (Sysco) in Sydney, N.S. The 80-year-old Crown corporation is closed temporarily, with only a handful of the 2,000-strong work force left to finish old jobs and with rumors of a permanent shutdown growing daily. Economic calamity hangs over industrial Cape Breton, and the political maneuvering that have led up to it, and have consumed over Sysco's most recent troubles began in April when left-leaning observers wondering just how badly the Progressive Conservative government of John Buchanan would keep the exercise in public enterprise alive—and if not, why the premier should not simply come out and say so. He has been accused of the worst sort of opportunism.

Since the province bought the company from Hawker Siddeley in 1967, the huge factory, which stretches over 642 acres, has piled up deficits of around \$300 million. Despite a series of rationalization and cost-cutting plans, annual operating losses over the past five years have ranged from \$5 million to \$30 million. Still, the plant has large Sydney (population 30,000) area, and a recent study showed that each Sysco job created 10 jobs in the rest of the region—where real unemployment is running at 35 per cent, and where in the past year 130 bankruptcies were reported.

And so, when Buchanan announced last week that the plant would be closed if no orders for its main product—train rails—could not be found, the plover in Cape Breton was once darker than usual. "It would spell the end of this city," of Sysco men under, says Sydney Mayor Marvin MacDonald. At the moment, the only work in Sysco's future is an order for 80,000 tonnes of rail for Canadian National Railway, which will provide about five months' work, starting in August.

Until the end of last year, Buchanan's government was making optimistic noises about Sys-



Sysco plant more gloom in a dark future

co's future in the wake of a 1983 action. Federal-premiered revitalization program started in June. An option plan was drawn up, and the premier predicted Sysco was on its way to hitting the break even point. Sysco's dilemma was at hand.

However, that resolve seemed forgotten last month when the government approved a deal to transfer Sysco from Sydney Sysco and its workers, in Local 1004 of the United Steelworkers of

American, had reached a deal. In wage negotiations, and management refused to grant the difference (\$500,000 for each of two years) recommended by an arbitration board. But Buchanan refused to interfere and told the press that, "To put more money into Sysco when our loans are horrendous is just not reasonable."

The steelworkers went out on strike April 20, with union President Paul Greal calling Buchanan's hands-off approach "irresponsible and counterproductive." But Greal "in all the meetings we had with him, he assured us that he would not allow the plant to close. The only confusion I can draw from his statement is that he plans to abdicate, or something." When Buchanan finally stepped in a week later, a settlement was reached almost immediately. The union signed almost the same contract it had earlier rejected, largely because of President Jack McCarthy and said layoffs would start soon and the unemployment insurance benefits that would follow a layoff would exceed the union's strike pay.

Buchanan's critics accused him of hypocrisy by allowing the strike to occur in the first place and then settling the strikers as scapegoats for Sysco's problems. "As far as I'm concerned, the strike was provoked by the government," says New Media, the opposition Liberal critic of Sysco affairs. "Buchanan could have stepped in earlier."

For his part, New Democratic Party Leader Alex McEwen says the "after" scenario is

Buchanan (left) and Peppi charges of opportunism



The situation was further clouded when federal Transport Minister Jean-Luc Pepin publicly blamed some of Sysco's problems on its old employers. The opposition Liberal critic of Sysco affairs, Peppi later apologized for the charge since the only trouble (X) has had with Sysco-provided rails was with 18 per cent of a single shipment of an experimental product, received more than a year ago.

Despite the criticism of Buchanan's style, there is little denying his message that, without more orders for rails,

Spence may not survive long enough for the plan to be modernized. Even though Bockman met with Pugh last week in an unofficial attempt to drum up more business for Spence, wartime questions remain. Why, for instance, did the government's representatives on the Spence board, Development Minister Ronald Thornhill, tell the legislature in April that Spence had no more orders after July—when the CS order had been on the books since 1952? Was it simple negligence or an attempt to paint Spence's future in misleadingly dark colors to prepare the political ground for its demise? Says McDonough: "I wouldn't like to say which is more serious." ☐

Scrutinizing the bankers' profits

The public outcry was deafening last spring when Canada's 15 domestic banks announced that their 1991 profits had soared by 36 per cent to \$1.7 billion. So fierce was the protest that the federal government hastily launched an inquiry into the situation. But last week, as a preliminary committee held open public hearings on the theory case, the uproar had long subsided. The reason is a disappearing act worthy of a *Final Fantasy*: the offending profits had shrunk by 36 per cent in the first quarter of 1992. As a result, the 30 members of the Commons Finance Committee, chaired by Liberal MP John Kinsman, found themselves without an important target and instead heard that the banks need resurrection more than rebuke.

But if the issue of bank profits had suddenly become irrelevant, it is clear that the bankers were not going to be let off the hook just yet. Not only were the committee members set on examining the issues of profits and the banks' activities, but many of them intended to raise a variety of issues ranging from the quality of the banks' services to the much broader question of the institutions' social responsibilities. Says Conservative MP Pat Carney: "The country isn't working economically, so I'm going to find out what role the banks played in this situation."

The strongest defense of the banks' profits came last week from Toronto bank investment analyst Hugh Brown, who testified that they were "less than adequate." Shareholders are not receiving a competitive rate of return on their investment, he argued, and bank stocks are in low demand. Brown added that bigger profits are necessary to generate the capital needed for economic growth when the recession ends. This



Brown (left) and Brown: in greater need of resurrection than rebuke

drew some skepticism in his remarks, however, as some testified that the 15-per-cent return on equity that is forecast for the banks this year is not only fair but healthy, given the current state of the economy.

Brown's defense of profits shocked that given the day before by the inquiry for general of banks, William Bennett. He told the inquiry that the average 25-per-cent annual increase in bank profits during the past decade was "necessary to support a free banking system." Moreover, he said, the banking system is beginning to show some signs of fragility. Especially worrisome, he explained, was the flood of major loans to finance last year's corporate takeover spree. Some banks considerably exceeded the federal guideline that income loss should amount to more than half an institution's capital, he said, adding that in one widespread case a loan reached 100 per cent of the bank's capital. Now, after feeling the bite of falling interest rates that caught them by surprise, he said, many of their loans are in the form of term deposits, the banks also face a swelling amount of bad debt. Unable to pay interest on their eagerly accepted loans, a growing number of large corporations are being allowed to postpone interest payments. In fact, a report by McCarthy Securities Ltd. of Toronto last week predicted that the 1992 loan losses of the five major banks will reach \$1.45 billion—double last year's level.

And these elements for the banks, the only critical testimony came from McGill economist R. Thomas Nagler, who argued that the banking system gave too much power to too few individuals. He recommended an investigation of the banks under anticommon laws and a splitting of the big five banks into many smaller ones. But Nagler wasn't

helpful that such changes would be the result of the inquiry, noting that questioning profits in a free enterprise system "is like discussing motherhood in a society devoted to a nuclear family." Whether Nagler's doubts are well-founded will become clear in the coming weeks. —JAN ANDRZEJCZAK

The downing of a high flyer

The hearing panel had been told that the war birds backed. But passengers or debris of Brant International's flight last week never left the runway. After three years in financial purgatory, the once-thriving Inland Airlines suspended operations for one day and declared bankruptcy the next—the first major U.S. airline ever to fail.

The immediate cause of Brant's downfall was brutally clear: the company ran out of money. Victims of the recession's declining volumes of air traffic, Brant last year recorded losses of \$160 million, red ink ran through that

year's ledger as well—another \$42 million in the first quarter alone. Brant's road began with staff layoffs, salary deferrals, gradually poached planes and last month's \$15-million lease of its once-lucrative Latin-American routes. But nothing generated enough revenue to meet an estimated \$1-billion debt load.

A major source of Brant's troubles was the 1978 Airline Deregulation Act. The law imposed a survival-of-the-fittest ethic on the industry, opening crowded monopolies to the fresh air of competition and entrepreneurial flair. Strong on ambition but lacking the financial resources of its competitors, Brant's near-collapse emboldened on a bold expansion program. It built a fleet of 73 planes and, with some 15,000 employees, added dozens of routes in the United States, Europe and Asia.

Its high hopes ran smack into the hard facts of soaring fuel costs and economic contraction, leaving Brant vulnerable to creditors. An issuer mounted, Brant's three times paraded its 28 creditors to offer principal and interest payments. In recent weeks it had been trying to reach agreement on a plan to restructure the entire debt.

Most industry analysts believe it was too much deregulation in poor economic times was Brant's undoing. Says Dan McKinnon, chairman of the Civil Aeronautics Board, "Deregulation was not the cause of this. Brant simply made some bad decisions."

Yet even as local Brant Chairman Howard Patisan announced the company's bankruptcy last week, there were brave hopes that the 34-year-old airline might fly again. By filing its petition under Chapter 11 of the bankruptcy Act Brant will have shuddered its income from revenue while it pursues reorganization. "We'll be back," vowed Patisan, "whether under the name of Brant or someone else's."

Maybe so. But industry experts rated the prospect as dubious at best. Even if Brant's assets recover, it will be an avaricious, stripped-down carrier. Its days as a high flyer are plainly over.

—MARTHA POHOREC

Grounded jets: losing fuel costs



The French call their finest brandy Cognac.

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Gaudet (left), Denisov 'apologists'

net that "the lesson we have learned is to be more cautious in acquiring recommendations that we approve the sale of a franchise from an owner who is trying to sell. You could say that Nelson was at the time asleep in some ways."

Aside from dealing with the Montreal situation, the league of governors also granted its approval "in principle" to a new franchise for the Halifax- Dartmouth region. The group sending the league's 10th franchise was expected to receive quick approval. Yet following a presentation behind closed doors to the governors, which included Montreal Mayor Daniel Boissonac, the 12-member Maritime group, headed by tracking executive John Denisov, was put on hold. A decision expected by midday didn't come until late in the afternoon, and final approval still hinges on construction of a 30,000-seat stadium in time for the team's first season in 1994. Still, Denisov called the decision "expedient," considering the massive costs for a franchise fee of \$5 million and at least another \$60 million for the stadium.

Although the tentative approval of a franchise in a new city and the settling out of problems in Montreal gave the CFL a badly needed injection of credibility, there was still one very big hurdle that had to be cleared. The withdrawal by Skalbania does not automatically settle a legal claim launched last week by former Allstate owner Sam Berger, who is attempting to seize players signed under his ownership as security for an unpaid Skalbania debt of \$380,000. For the league to assign the former Allstate players to the new Brodeur franchise, the action started by Berger must be dealt with. While Gaudet declined to speculate on the matter because it is before the courts, he allowed that the Brodeur group "is not without competent legal advice."

Now that Skalbania is gone, the league governors can relax, at least until the recently formed United States Professional Football League opens its schedule in March. 1992. It promises to compete directly with the CFL for American players, but as league board of governors Chairman Gord Stanovick remarked, "Obviously we had more pressing problems facing us here." If the league's track record is any indication, there will be new ones before long. ☐



Skalbania over football

SPORTS

Tiptoeing through a maze

By Dale Elser

It was an appropriately anachronistic conclusion to the arduous chapter in the checkered history of the Canadian Football League faced with a Montreal Allstate franchise in financial crisis so incoherent that the team only had one football two weeks before its scheduled opening of training camp, convened league governors gathered in Regina last week to unravel the Ale-tangled morass.

But to roll the league off the coast of legal actions, outstanding player bonuses and unpaid hotel bills, the governors had to get the permission of Nelson Skalbania, the Vancouver entrepreneur who in one year transformed the Montreal team into an amalgam of confusion on and off the field. With Skalbania in Hong Kong trying to rescue his crumbling financial empire, the league was trapped by its own constitution, which says the franchise could not be sold for another 50 days unless Skalbania agreed to withdraw his league membership. To still out the revocation process meant the CFL would not have a team operating in Montreal this season because the league's exhibition schedule began in less than a month.

What made the situation even more agonizing was that waiting in the wings for league approval of a new franchise for Montreal was Charles Brodeur, the highly respected owner of the Na-

tional Basketball League's Montreal Expos. But with the unorthodox Skalbania, who has been lashed everything from an "unpaid mummy" to a "bono socialist," halfway around the globe, a solution was anything but a sure bet. Finally, word came by Telex from Hong Kong through Skalbania's lawyers in Montreal that he was withdrawing his league membership and taking with him personal debts attached to the Ale estimated to be at least \$2 million. Instantly, the Montreal situation went from the ridiculous to the sublime as CFL Commissioner John Gaudet announced that the league had granted a new Montreal franchise to a group headed by Brodeur.

Pending and chief operating officer of the new franchise, which will have to settle on a new team name because the Montreal Allstate still legally is not, in former Ale quarterback and coach Sam Brodeur.

The awarding of a franchise to the Brodeur group was also early an enormous weight of Gaudet's shoulders. But the damage done to the CFL's image over the Montreal fiasco will not be easily erased. Gaudet was willing to ad-

COLUMN

Lonely blimps in padded cells

By Trent Frayne

Goalenders are lonely guys. They are allowed to hang around with hockey players and they think they're hockey players but they aren't. Goalenders don't even play hockey. They play punching bag or basketball or dart board or whatever, but hockey it ain't.

"A different game," Matt Patrick snapped once, years ago, when he was running the New York Rangers. The closest approach might be intramural catchers. But even catchers do things that are baseball—they go up to hit, chase foul pops and so on. Not goalies. Except for the masher, these guys even do different, right?

Still, the Stanley Cup playoffs would have been in one hell of a fix without the blimps in the padded cells this spring. The bumper-banging and scowling of the final between Vancouver and the Islanders reduced hockey's charm to the level of mud wrestling, but in earlier weeks of the on-ice playoffs the work of the harried goaltenders provided a couple of stirring reversals of fate and was often at that last the fella at home from nodding off.

There was Daniel Bouchard, for example, a man long in search of tranquility. With a little bit of luck and great skill, Daniel brought down the lordly Canadiens for the Quebec Nordiques, an upset over almost everyone to the fact that Daniel was named nearly imperishable.

Your agent first encountered Daniel in the early spring of 1978 in Prague when one of his hopelessly naive Canadian agents went to the European championship was getting as lumpy from the swirling Russians and the brooding Czechs. Then, Daniel felt his performance—which was magnificent—was aided by his off-ice forays into transcendental meditation and yoga and a dilly with ballet. He used to watch his sister Sylvia doing ballet exercises and concluded they were born for goaltenders.

Denisov performed the classic posture, wearing those long batlike padded skates that goalies wear, but not the fat leg pads. This gave him as odd, starklike look as he strained through his exercises. There was no nodding

Daniel for Stanley. Still, in the nets, could Nursey carry Daniel's cup?

Tranquil has never been the word for Billy Smith, the 6-foot-3 blocker for the champion Islanders. When people appear Billy's cup, he turns away. There ought to be a sign above his head of 600. Most goaltenders wind a roll of tape around the end of the stick to keep it from sliding free. Smith used to tape his stick several centimetres down the handle so that when opposing players skated down he could get them about 12 cm off the end. "It's a game of intrusions," Smith explained once. "Why should I back off? To fail him, the league established a rule requiring that stick ends be taped."

Asking his peace of mind, Smith insists that he can, and even his beloved wife, Debbie, ever lays hands to his goal pads. A white bulk, as the Islanders methodically pursued a third straight Stanley Cup, the revered New York Times sent a feature writer and a photographer to do a special piece on the

glowering goaltender. The photographer was a busy fellow, arranging this, rearranging that, as Smith did his bidding, posing in reluctant obedience. A spare pair of Smith's pads appeared, the balance in a viewfinder, apparently, and the unfortunate pattern man posed them up to move them. An unreluctant bow, Smith roared, waved his arms and chased the poor devil out into the night.

Lloyd Perreault always used to say that for 32 hours a Stanley Cup game a goaltender carries a tension load the average person runs into maybe three times in a lifetime. The late Perreault was an internationally recognized authority on sports and as an assistant of greats played under pressure. It was he who, through his book *Perreault's Hockey Handbook*, taught the father of Russian hockey, Anatoly Tarasov, most of what he knows about the game. At any rate, Perreault once told your agent that tests and interviews over a 10-hour period

had established the goaltender's tension load at the level of that carried by a pilot at before undergoing an operation, or a man before an important interview for a job absolutely essential to him.

No one was ever happier to endorse the theory than Glenn Hall, the old Hawks goaltender, who threw up before games in the agony of nervous tension. His usual trick, Rudy Pilon, once remembered a night when the Canadian were in the Chicago Stadium for a playoff, 20,000 maniacs screaming down from the galleries at the whirling tears. The screaming roars at the old bear were down a flight of stairs behind one of the goals, a fact that came unexpectedly to Pilon's attention after a play stoppage for litter-clearing.

"The referee was ready to drop the puck in the Montreal end, and I happened to glance over my shoulder toward our goal," Pilon recalled. "Gee, it was empty. I didn't know what to do; I said that Glen came clanking up the stairs behind our net and skated into position even as you please."

Overwhelmed by the questions while the sweepers were cleaning up, the goaltender had taken advantage of the hall to yank back his skates. Talk about lonely guys.



A tricky proposition for the mayors

By Dave Greber

It is early evening outside Pacific Square on downtown Calgary's 9th Avenue. A young woman—pretty, well-dressed and well-groomed—barges against a lamp-post in a parody of *Irma la Douce*. With the inviting gaze of someone new to the scene, she asks a passer-by if he wants to take her out. The answer is no "Jerk," she hares. Not far away, near the monument in Memorial Park, a young, pretty boy with a world-weary attitude looks more vividly at the woman than the yellow taxi he's in.

The two are part of the increasingly bizarre scene in the city of the fact that has caused the ire of citizens' groups across the country. In Halifax, where street-level law has been largely been threatening property values in the fashionable north end, staged-up police patrols deter only the poorest prostitutes. In Niagara Falls, Ont., the 35-member, self-styled Hawker Patrol has been waging a campaign against the Buffalo, N.Y., streetwalkers who daily cross the Canadian border by the busload. Says Senator Hilda Choury, "I didn't like my 35-year-old being propositioned when she came to visit." And in Vancouver, the anti-prostitute brigade led by Concerned Residents of the West End (CROW) reached a violent pitch this spring when a band of men emerged from a pickup truck and thrashed spokesperson Gerry Stafford across the knees with a baseball bat. The self-righteous Stafford says



Vancouver street scenes: complaints of rowdiness

that one assailant warned him: "Trying to get off the streets... we'll see who owns the streets."

While citizens demand that it be cleaned up the streets, there is little action that it can take. Because prostitution has never been illegal in Canada, law enforcement can only aim to control it. But prostitutes face with impunity the 1992 soliciting section of the Criminal Code, which was written to keep them from becoming a public nuisance. Ambiguities in the first place, it has been exposed as useless by two Supreme Court decisions that make it the laughingstock of the streets and the courts. Municipalities must therefore resort to bylaws that are subject to the vagaries of provincial court battles. Niagara Falls passed a

bylaw last week. Vancouver's last effort on Easter weekend, and similar measures are pending in Edmonton and Winnipeg. But with Calgary's bylaw facing a Supreme Court challenge and the peak summer-trade season approaching, the frustration seems likely to linger.

"The problem is the same nationwide, although in each city it takes a different twist. Four years ago Vancouver's west end was a quiet residential area and was a quiet residential area. There were then it is subject to sporadic invasions by male and female prostitutes, who turn the residential streets into a drive-in brothel open for business from 11 p.m. to 5 a.m. Later, the bylaw was scrubbed the city stopped them from camping around the three neighborhood churches. Angry residents last year formed CROW to press the federal government for action. Says spokesman Gordon Price, a freelance writer: "Gangster men can't pick up garbage at 4 a.m. Why should hookers be allowed to conduct their business?"

Others echo the question. In Toronto, prostitutes patrol three avenues of the downtown core. In Halifax, police knew they had a problem on their hands last fall when Lt.-Gov. John Sheffner complained about streetwalkers in front of his official residence. Government House. And in Winnipeg, city officials would like to stay prostitutes who wander through the downtown hotels sleeping on the sidewalks, advertising haberdasheries for discriminating prostitutes,

under the doors of guest rooms. The current fracas stems from a decade of frustration. Law enforcement's tool for controlling prostitutes used to be the city's laws—especially a notorious soliciting designed by women's groups because it targeted women only, spared the willing client and was open to abuse by overzealous police. But in 1972 Criminal Code revisions, vaguely defined "soliciting" replaced explicitly as the prostitute's crime. Six years later the law was successfully challenged in the Supreme Court. Vancouver's prostitute Debbie Blain's conviction on a soliciting charge was overturned because the Crown had not proven her approach was "persistent and persistent."

Says Calgary police Sgt. Phil Cowby-Jones: "That gave the green light for the red light."

The final blow to the ruling soliciting law came with a 1981 Supreme Court decision on yet another Vancouver soliciting conviction appeal. The prostitute in question had been charged after approaching a number of men on the street, but the court ruled that her persistent and persistent behavior had to be directed toward just one client. As a result that year in Vancouver, local po-

lice, mostly men, had to be trained, at Best Montreal, which took the lead, in a case in point. There, police use a 1989 bylaw to arrest prostitutes. But no charges have been heard since the Quebec Superior Court, in a decision now under appeal, ruled it invalid last December.

With few exceptions, other cities have taken a similar route. No powers of arrest back Calgary's 1981 bylaw, but it does allow police to issue summonses and warrants to remove them from ranges from \$300 to \$200 for a first offense and \$300 to \$300 for subsequent offenses. It seems to be keeping the streetwalkers in line, according to International Hotel Manager Sam Wong. His 4th-floor restaurant was once a favorite gathering point for hookers working the downtown and notorious on the traffic-heavy street. "They're just less visible now," says Wong. "They're hanging around on 3rd Avenue, by the parkade behind the hotel."

Calgary's modest success has been an inspiration to other municipalities. In Niagara Falls, for example, prostitutes and clients alike will be liable to maximum fines of \$2,000. Vancouver has proposed the same maximum penalty

on crime, why would they be so reluctant, to reveal the identities of those involved?

Still, the disclosed history of Calgary's bylaw suggests that such curbing could ultimately prove academic. An off-again, on-again bylaw, the Calgary bylaw was judged unconstitutional in Alberta provincial court last fall and constitutional in Alberta Appeals Court early this year. Work comes down immediately on whether or not the Supreme Court will hear another appeal. Small wonder that Harcourt calls it such bylaws "stepping stones."

At least one bylaw will not be lasting if Calgary lawyer Tony Managh has his way. It was his successful constitutional argument against enactment of 20-year-old provisions Jackie Waterspender that drove the bylaw into limbo last fall. Managh, who has brought the Waterspender case to the Supreme Court at his own expense, calls the bylaw a form of thought control against women people to be charged for being in a public place with the intention of being or selling sexual services. Prostitutes being legal, he argues that the law is "making an offense out of it is a bit better than that prostitute are punishable because they're prostitutes."

In the face of such offensives, many see only one solution—municipalities in the soliciting law. The mayors of Montreal, Vancouver and Victoria, among other cities, have formed a common front to press Ottawa for action, but frustration is mounting after their four-year battle. Says Victoria Mayor Peter Iwan: "I think there's been a deterioration of duty—a recognition of a serious problem."

That kind of change is met with further finger-pointing. Says federal Justice Minister Jean Chrétien: "It has nothing to do with the Criminal Code. If the provinces would allow the municipalities to arrest for violations of the Criminal Code, the streets would be cleared up."

But Nova Scotia Attorney General Harry Hogg, in case, remains unconvinced. "Clearly," he says, "the jurisdiction is with Ottawa."

While the wrangling continues, Managh proposes increasing penalties and restricting them to limited trade zones. The measure, however, causes red-light districts in unpopulated to citizens Gerry Stafford has his own suggestions. "I couldn't give a damn about what the hookers are doing," he says, "except that they're doing it in my neighborhood."

With also from Jackie Cowley, John Managh, Don Angus and John Van Dusen.



CROW spokesmen Price (center), Stafford (right) with fellow CROWers, Managh (far right)

Prostitute in Niagara Falls. Off business of border-crossing U.S. prostitute coverage daily on the highway in city



law had only three soliciting charges. After that prostitution and their pups come to believe themselves beyond the reach of the law. Says Vancouver Mayor Michael Harcourt: "They harass and threaten residents and their visitors." In Calgary, too, the public nuisance has become a public danger. In the eyes of the S.C. Civil Liberties Association, which is planning a court challenge to the prostitution and the attorney general, this discrimination against those who plead not guilty. Aida Hill Black, a member of the association's executive: "If [those who passed the bylaw] really thought it was a seri-

ous law, they would have been caught—50 for men, 50 for women, 50 for men. But a single suspect of the measure has stirred indignation in seven quarters. This lawsuit is now a good pickup without giving their full name (only first initials and surnames are required) and quietly pay the fine. In the eyes of the S.C. Civil Liberties Association, which is planning a court challenge to the prostitution and the attorney general, this discrimination against those who plead not guilty. Aida Hill Black, a member of the association's executive: "If [those who passed the bylaw] really thought it was a seri-

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Fallout from four deaths



The surviving families; the tower's family. "It seems, in construction, life is cheap."

By Malcolm Gray

On Jan. 7, 1981, Donald Davis was working high over the city, pouring concrete for a new building from a scaffold that edged into the city's Vancouver core. There were three others with him on the platform and all four fell together when the support collapsed, tipping them to their deaths as the glass floor 36 floors below.

Sixteen months later, the accident at the Berrill Tower has not faded into the mass of industrial statistics that detail the 182 deaths of workers in British Columbia that year. The incident will eventually fuel a Toronto-based campaign to court to defend the scaffold design and sends to construction sites all over the continent. At the same time, the accident continues to draw criticism of the B.C. Workers' Compensation Board (WCB). A recent report has charged it failed to protect workers on the job and has a poor record of fighting for survivors and the relatives of those killed or injured in industrial accidents. But more important, as independent lawyer by one widow is testing the right of a spouse to sue a third party without forfeiting compensation benefits. Her suit will likely have repercussions as most provinces for the bereaved who are pressing their cases in court.

Soon Donald Davis' widow, after fatalities have occurred as one using equipment designed by Anchor Equipment Ltd., one of the largest suppliers of construction scaffolding in North America. Twelve workers were killed in East Chicago last month when sections of an



unfitted highway ramp collapsed. In Vancouver, a coroner's jury faulted the Anchor equipment as grossly under-designed—two to six times below industry standards for the weight it was used to support. (Anchor, however, is claiming that its scaffold was not being properly used.) That was followed by the recent report from a committee that included members from both management and labor in construction. It unanimously charged that the WCB lack of vigilance was among the main reasons for an increase in construction site accidents. "There has been an inability or a reluctance to enforce the regulations as

they presently exist," the committee reported, criticizing the board for not having enough inspectors to check construction sites adequately.

The incident precipitated the WCB's suit against the company on behalf of two widows. Anchor's widow, Carol Davis, is suing Anchor independently. But, by doing so, under law she sacrificed \$1,200 a month in compensation payments supporting her and her three adolescent children. "I can't live under the condemnation that the board places on widows," says the 35-year-old. "Filing out forms each year to show that I'm still dependent. I'm still young enough to meet someone I might want to marry."

The payments stopped when she launched her suit. She could have avoided this hardship entirely by letting the board act for her as in the case of the two other women. Their benefits continue.

Davis' suit challenges that practice. Her lawyer, Craig Paterson, argues that the WCB could even make a profit from pressing a case like hers. A woman successfully represented by the WCB who chose to continue receiving disability compensation payments would still receive only the equivalent of two years of benefits if she later decided to marry. The board would have the right to the money won in court. Paterson is also irritated by the board's practice—standard in many provinces—of charging for its services when it successfully acts as a survivor's behalf. "We don't think a public agency should charge anything at all," he says.

The lawsuits will likely be heard together first but the results are speculative. Davis' wife is a widow in the answer. Kit White lived with Gaele Germain for seven years, but they were not married. She gets \$665 each month from the Workers' Compensation Board, and Canada Pension sends her \$105 as monthly widow's benefits, but \$100 less until she has blood relatives and legally married spouses qualify under the Family Compensation Act.

"That, however, hasn't blessed her determination to lobby for safer working conditions. "When Gaele first started that job, he would come home and blab about these forms like nothing that happened. He was worried about their safety but I had no idea he was hanging on the outside of the building on the damn things."

The accident drew the four families involved together, but it also kept them painfully fixed in the past. The Berrill Tower is finished now and there is a plaque at its base in memory of the four men who died building it. Says Davis, "It sometimes seems in construction that life is cheap. It isn't." ◇

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Grads with working degrees

When Michael Olejnik, 34, enrolled in the co-operative program at Ontario's University of Waterloo five years ago, he began to log valuable work hours while acquiring his degree in chemistry. The first year, he programmed computers at IBM; the second, he researched in plastics at

Union Carbide. In his final year, he landed a job at Bell Canada in the chemical engineering department. "It was then that I really got to apply a lot of knowledge from school. That's when it really started to click." Now a graduate, he is returning to Union Carbide as a full-time employee, at a starting

salary of \$20,000. Says Olejnik smugly: "There would be no reason for an employer to hire a regular graduate if there was a co-op one available."

Indeed, as Canada's graduates pour out of the halls of academe this month, those from the country's 34 co-operative education programs will have the edge. They will be armed with both degrees and career experience. Learning in the workplace as well as the classroom brings tangible rewards. The 30,000 co-op students earn generous paychecks, and most graduates score high marks in securing handsomely salaried jobs. At the University of Waterloo, where 6,000 are enrolled in Canada's largest work-study program, 85 per cent of co-op graduates last year found work in their respective areas, compared to a 60-per-cent rate among regular degree students. Says University of Waterloo's president, Douglas Wright: "Co-op students get the experience which makes them invaluable." Given the participation of more than 2,000 employers—among them IBM and Bell Canada—student demand for these programs is increasing, spurring universities to intro-

As graduates pour out of the halls of academe, those from the co-operative programs will have the edge

duce new programs or expand existing ones.

First introduced to Canada in 1957, the programs were initially limited to such technical fields as engineering. But in the late '70s, universities gradually incorporated other areas of study into the scheme. Although many students prefer technological areas of study because of their practical applicability, the liberal arts co-op programs are gaining in popularity. Susan Weisberg, a third-year English student in the Waterloo program, spent four months of last year as a technical writer with Public Works in Ottawa. "The experience showed me what was out there. Now I'd like to try journalism."

While the obvious beneficiaries of the programs are the students, employers also reap unexpected dividends. Last year, when the computer branch of Great-West Life Insurance Company in Winnipeg hired its first co-op student, Technical Operations Officer Gordon Armstrong hesitated to employ the novice. But by the end of the work term, his doubts had vanished. "We gave our student the responsibility of a regular

My doctor's advice gave me food for thought.



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employees and we get projects completed that we'd only be in the middle of now," says Armstrong. "We're using his ideas." Adds Robert Moore, a biochemist at Sunnybrook Hospital in Toronto, which has been participating in co-operative education for a decade: "They bring in an outside view from other places they have worked at. There's a natural cross-fertilization."

With employer and student participation at record levels, universities want strategies to accommodate the demand. Just last year, Newfoundland's Memorial University not only hosted enrolment in its engineering and computer work-study courses, but made plans to introduce a nursing and math co-op program this September. Other universities are testing the concept. When the University of Alberta decided to offer an engineering co-op program last fall, more than 100 students signed up. Says Fred Trebunski, associate director of the Engineering Placement Office: "We now feel we can attract and benefit a wider range of students."

Despite the appeal of co-operative education, one drawback persists: the

By the end of the decade, 50 per cent of all institutions will have some form of co-operative program

program is expensive. The schools charge co-op students higher tuition fees—a Waterloo co-ordinator pays an extra \$50 for each four-month, academic term—and administration budgets are usually higher. Memorial's operating costs for its co-op program ran close to \$400,000 a year, about 15 per cent more than its regular degree courses. But Memorial's co-op director, Peter Young, estimates 1,100 undergraduates come out ahead: "Co-op student income in 1980 was \$3.4 million, yet we only collected \$26,000 in student fees."

As degrees shrink all to secure work, and soaring tuition fees force students to try any way to survive, the co-operative schemes can only prosper. In fact, officials of the Canadian Association for Co-operative Education predict that by the end of the decade at least 50 per cent of all Canadian institutions will have some form of co-operative program. Says Eugene Warner, director of the University of Waterloo's student-placement service: "Co-op may well become the rule and not the exception."

—JENN REEDER, with files from Sharon Bonak and Jackie Carlin.

PHOTOGRAPHY

The force of gravity and restraint

Compared to recent expressions of British style—punk, *Strindberg Revivés* or the *Falchlands* ar-mad—the current exhibition of Bill Brandt photographs at the National Gallery in Ottawa is not likely to cause much commotion. Not that he doesn't deserve it, but fate does not help Brandt. The pioneer English photographer of the century, he has come by his status without noise. In modern times England has produced other famous artists (Sir Cecil Beaton, Lord Snowdon) more flamboyant and glamorous. But only Brandt, who has never courted fame and by habit avoids the press, has created an oeuvre that is serious and important.

The survey of 80 black-and-white prints, on display in Ottawa until June 27 (travelling on to Montreal, Toronto and New York), spans the period 1929 to 1975 and covers a range of subjects, from coal towns to Edith Sitwell. However disparate the content, the pervasive gravity and restraint of Brandt's vision made it whole. A housewife bent gracefully over her scrub bucket, rows of roofs in the rain, a train pulling out of Newcastle and leaping into the sky—all these are not happenstance snips but exercises in shape and pattern. All of these are printed for maximum contrast: Proust's face and a wind-swept nose become equally formal arrangements of shadow and light. The images at once evoke atmosphere and drama and invite quiet, abstract thought.

In an introduction to *Camera in London*, a book of his photographs published in 1968, Brandt himself allows that it is in his nature to be calm and deliberate. "By temperament I am not easily excited and certainly not impulsive. I think twice before I shoot and very often do not shoot at all." Of the few personal facts in circulation, the most often-quoted one is he was born in London in 1904; he received his early education in Germany and Switzerland, in 1919 he moved to Paris where he became a pupil of avant-garde artist Max Jacob and a fan of early surrealist cinema.

Whether modernist sensibility was imposed in Brandt did not, however, seem to fret him until later. When he

returned to England in 1931, he followed the then experimental path of a social documentary. A quarter of the Ottawa exhibition is made up of pictures from the '30s that explore the straits of British society. With the detached eye of one who has been away, he catalogues the classes, those who dress for dinner and those in uniforms who wait upon them. A pair of starved men stands before a lavish table; a smart party in-



"We loosened and underplayed ourselves ready to be very clever" calls behind the clutter of British society with a clinical eye.

posed postcardial backgrounds. Both are photographed clinically, as if to disengage separate species.

While Brandt does not indulge in political propaganda, he is not entirely nonpartisan. Ironically, his heart is on the side of the have-nots. In *Lost Girl* (acquired by the *Landmark* Hotel), a column of three girls in what could be their best high heels meekly struts her stuff to the almost audible delight of gawping younger girls seated in *Mary Jane* in *Coalville* in a stony garden, the drinkers were at odds with the natural order of trees and appear especially awkward caught with phones in their mouths.

With time, Brandt's reporting became increasingly less journalistic. Two series of photographs, *Northern* series

during the Depression of the 1930s and *Blackout* nights of the London Blitz, are like poetic meditations. Industrial towns turn into fabled, anonymous masses of dark, jagged shapes. A scene entitled *St. Paul's Cathedral* in the moonlight, both light and dark serve as a metaphor for a world turned upside down by war. While the church is a distant shadow, rubble looms in the foreground, glowing in a eerie glow.

Turning from surrealism to reality and gloom, Brandt began to take portraits of celebrities, authors and artists in the '40s. But these, too, are secretive, unsettling studies inspired by his brooding imagination. In *M. Forster*, an enigmatic in his pose, is a plain, upright man, dwarfed by his walls, with one white hand lightly clutching a black one, as if to keep it from something illicit.

This sense of surreal dislocation is even more pronounced in a series of studies that Brandt also started in the '40s and continued, off and on, until 1980. Of 104, only 30 are included in this show. Nevertheless, there are enough to indicate why they are considered his most sensitive work. Inspired by the cinematography of *Robert Renu* and made with an antiquated wide-angle camera that permitted Brandt to capture rolling and floor in one frame, the photographs all feature distorted perspectives but they never become tedious. In the way the exploration of one subject is often rare.

Typically, Brandt manages many moods, indoors and out. One woman, with skin so bleached her face is an assembly of soft suspended shapes. An alabaster arm and breast, in all elegance. Another, seated formally before her easel, has, with a smile, become a static body. In other pictures, the female body becomes a beautiful, natural but inaccurate thing, as rest on rocky shores.

Such images in this present Brandt at his most distant. In fact, discipline and control characterize his entire career. But he is so successfully wielded personal nature from his work, the man might now be more riotously accepted. Chances are, however, that the art he made would not have been so cool, challenging and great.

—DAVID LEVINSKY

Searchers for a state of grace

Canadian poetry begins as an outpost of imperial culture. But its recent decades the strongest influences on its language and ideas have come from south of the border. One notable exception to the pattern is Toronto poet Dick Cole, whose work stands squarely in the tradition of European modernism. His third book, *The Poetbook: Collected Poems* (Macmillan of Canada, \$1.95), begins with madness and ends near death—as all too common an approach in modern poetry, some might say. But these poems never submerge themselves in the bleak events they describe. They feast on memory, irony and paradox in a style that somehow manages to be rich and elliptical at once.

country that breeds an enormous, parallel and every

rythms are quintessentially North American, but many of his cultural references (Quasimodo, Samuel Johnson, the Grouse poeple) hearken back to the Old World. His reputation as a mild, friendly writer is only partly deserved, for his poems often act like chilly compounds. They look innocuous and esthetic but they carry a sting in the tail. For many years a journalist in New Brunswick, he knows all the devices of rhetoric by which to relax his audience and make them receptive to an often glib message. The *Perishability of Man* de-

are original, distinct, nutritious and crisp with life

scribes an idealist who searched for God, loved animals and believed in small, fulfilled communities, suddenly Nowlin informs us that this seer was the head of the so, Heinrich Himmler. Suddenly, my heart, once Leontine, now begins in Nowlin's chestnut manner as he compares himself to a statue of a well-fed satyr. Impersonality, the poem becomes deathly serious and ends with a moving description of its own recovery from caprice.

Underneath the fellowships, Nowlin was to be a firefighting warrior, alert to the crucial moments of facing that are seldom expressed or understood. Even when smoking such a thorny topic as family love, he rarely over-dramatizes. His plain-spoken, slow-moving poetry is likely to give hundreds of readers the cheerful assurance that they could have written themselves. This might indeed be true for a third of the contents of *I sought an emergency*, this, which is dreamy and admirable. Yet this still leaves 30 or 40 percent of pessimism and defense understandable. Perhaps no good poetry has ever been less elegant than Alden Nowlin's, elegance isn't everything.

There are some qualities in writing
can't be faked. In poetry, few
go further so much as a hungry eye,
each way of responding to the world,
out all the poems in *A Sad De-*

vine (Quadrant Editions, \$6.95) make it instantly clear that the young Tross to writer Rose Berenson is a true original. The poet's ability to make the most of the world, allowing things to show the meaning of poems, for instance, is compared to a monomelic heart/for a man with a limp/jumping. Even more than most North American poets, she is a poet of the dist. of the present tense. Food of offering images without a past or future to them, and she makes the objects of her scrutiny dance. The confidence of her poetry is little short of astonishing, taking in the world as it is, and not planning. The hills he carved around themselves like steps in the rain, but nothing's out of Auden's and crisp with life. A Sad Dancer makes ordinary language feel like old letters. When Rose Berenson writes about a man, she writes extended things, best as

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OPINION
by George Ansteele



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be an urgent voice, she may well) be the first major poet to emerge in Canada in the '80s.

Luke Benson, Winnipeg poet and editor George Ansteele is a writer in the New World tradition; his work has been influenced by Latin American books, mixed with North American landscapes and inspired by the rough textures of Mexican life and death. Ansteele writes bruising, hard-edged poetry, and some of his images are unacceptably brutal. "The several legs of babies, a maimed clock," or "fall glass in downy/strapped and stacked like masonry ruins."

But in his best work, a world that shudders with life is shot through with color and light (his favorite word). The Presence of Fire (McClelland and Stewart, \$9.95) includes a generous selection from Ansteele's four previous books and it suggests that his gifts have not yet found their full expression. Language often seems a barrier to the perceptions rather than a catalyst for his barely imagination. Maybe his superb evocation of Prairie points a way ahead: a word with *aviv's* to belly that *homo's* down or days and *homo's* memory of soft commensurate scholastic under the dogstar. This graceful fusion of inner and outer experience is something toward which, in very different ways, all four of these writers strive. It's an essential aim of poetry, and perhaps also of life.

—MARK ARLEY

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

Fiction

- 1 *The Parallel Man*, Leifan (4)
- 2 *An Inherent Obsession*, McDonald (6)
- 3 *The One Tree*, Donnelly (6)
- 4 *The Mountain Code*, Thomas (8)
- 5 *North and South*, Selby (1)
- 6 *The Hotel New Hampshire*, Irving (5)
- 7 *Snake House*, Glavin (5)
- 8 *Ready Hired*, Ahmed (4)
- 9 *The Devil's in December*, Bellow (7)
- 10 *How It Spent My Summer*, Biddis (5)

Nonfiction

- 1 *June Trench's Workbook*, Pinsky (1)
- 2 *The Holy Blood and the Holy Grail*, Bangert, Leigh and Lincoln (1)
- 3 *The Archimedes*, Peterson (5)
- 4 *The Great Code*, Nye (1)
- 5 *Years of Upheaval*, Kinsman (1)
- 6 *The Century Life Book of Dinah*, Freeman of Wales, Levin-Miller (5)
- 7 *The Kingston Diary* (5)
- 8 *Urbane, Loving & Enduring*, Bismuth (5)
- 9 *Life on Earth*, Atkinson (1)
- 10 *The Kinsman Impressionist*, With

1) Position last week

THEATRE

The new stage rites of spring

By Mark Casmendi

Handing a new rite of spring, the red-and-white-striped tent pop up the audience under Vancouver's Palace-Cree, June, pomegranate and their parents with a musical about a man's love for an antique, cooking lessons from a celebrity chef and a dawn serenade by pet children. Outside, more dances, puppets and musicians thread the crowd, dispensing free entertainment. All are celebrating the Vancouver Children's Festival, an annual event conceived in 1958 that this year, under the stewardship of producer Ernie Pladdell and artistic director Chris Wootton, the festival has spilled over to Victoria and leaped the Rockies to Edmonton and Toronto as well. With a number of Vancouver's voices and some of their own, these efforts have also motivated festivals, with equally spectacular results. By Victoria Day, 25 theatre, music, puppet, opera and dance companies—not to mention the wandering outdoor performers from Canada and six other countries will have played to an estimated 175,000 people across the country.

Although the festivals present an astonishing variety of performances, their driving force is theatre for children. Despite massive provincial and federal subsidies, more than 60 children's theatres in English Canada (and another 50 in Quebec alone) have been quietly flourishing. Even a small touring company such as Vancouver's Green Thumb Theatre plays to 80,000 spectators a year, as many as the city's adult regional theatre, the Vancouver Playhouse. The productions of Toronto's Young People's Theatre are seen by more than 200,000 people each year. Moreover, Canadian companies frequently tour abroad and regularly garner accolades at many children's festivals dotting Europe.

New, international festival fever has spread to Canada (both Winnipeg and Ottawa went to just next year), expanding children's theatre to an unaccustomed limelight. For such cultural im-

pression as Wootton and Ray Higgins, co-artistic director of the festival at Toronto's Harbourfront, it's not a moment too soon. Says Higgins: "The festival is not just a way to make kids away from bland TV entertainment into a real emotional experience, the better. The major thing is to turn kids on to the arts so they want to come back forever."

Children's theatre has come a long way since the days when local companies meant nothing but prattling clowning. This year's festivals have presented an eclectic sample of a contin-



Japan's Kase No Ka troupe, children's theatre spelling over the Rockies

uous on life. "Adapt life to explain things to children," says director Yukio Sekino. "But a child is most alive and happy when he discovers something new on his own. It's constantly trying to make plays without explanations."

Wootton's personal preference for social relevance in children's theatre is reflected in his selection of *Twins* Karpis, a collaboration between Green Thumb and West Coast Group Theatre. Both companies have been highly successful in dramatizing social issues, to the dismay of what Green Thumb's artistic director Dennis Foss calls "the

large crowd of disneyists out there who strongly believe kids should be protected." *Twins* reflects a long European tradition of radical politics in theatre, an avowed "theatre is education," the play has children employing both peaceful and violent means to foil an exploitative toy manufacturer. However, what is radical in one country can be tame in another. Foss recalls that a Green Thumb show on immigrant children was attacked by leftist theatre professionals in England for not understanding racism outright, but when he mentioned his company's school play in progress on sexual abuse, the radicals didn't want to know about it.

In its use to expose children to reality, *Twins* Karpis has been criticized for encouraging them to champion political causes they don't understand. While agreeing that important issues should be raised, Peter Moss, artistic director of Young People's Theatre, says, "You can't tell kids to fight for democracy because they have no intelligence and they can't grasp us either." Moss feels that Canadian children's theatre is more adept at presenting "how people get on, the social reality within the physical context." He makes out the work of John Lawrence for his realistic portrayal of social interaction among children. *Laurens' Schoolyard Games*, a hard-nosed look at the after-school games schoolyard play, has been revived in two separate productions at

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The man who dropped the veils

By Allan Fotheringham

A few weeks ago a small group of Toronto's media houses was gathered on a Saturday night at the cottage home of author-broadcaster Peter Gossens in a tiny town in southern Ontario. The host proudly showed a party around the beautiful lakeside estate and then, on returning to the house to pour drinks, heard a familiar strain of conversation: "Oh my God," he cried in mock despair. "Are we into Newman stories already?" It's the same across the land, in press clubs, from Montreal to

Vancouver. Gather three journalists together and within a few quaffs there will be new Newman gossip—most imagined, some real. I've seen little bookish, representative girls reduced almost to tears at lunches when they can't get the author they are nervously escorting to quit an ongoing Newman story with the reporter who is supposed to be inquiring about the book—while the expensive account gin flows. The man who changed the face of political reporting in this country and is in large part responsible for reviving *Canoe* magazine is still the most talked-about person in the country.

The announcement that Peter G. Newman is stepping down as editor of *Maclean's* (or stepping aside to remain a *Maclean's* director) is of special significance in this particular typewritten because he created this column. He did it over the objections of his own editors, who felt that a scribbler who had lacked a security clearance at Mounties no much of the time couldn't possibly bring the Ottawa news properly. Newman, who made his first reputation as an Ottawa correspondent, perhaps sensed that the talents of Donny Macdonald-Brown could be turned with added clarity from afar as much as up close. But Newman is stubborn. Other people would use other words, but I'd use stubborn. He knew what he wanted his evolving magazine to be, and both of us occasionally take some small satisfaction in cutting our colleagues off at the huth.

What is overlooked in the most gossip trade of all is that Newman has defused journalism in this country. His first best seller, the *Duckhounds*—debunking Brewster's Powers, changed how every reporter in Canada looked at

politics and politicians. Just as Theodore White changed how American presidential campaigns are conducted by reporting in his *Make of the President* books how they were conducted, Newman's merciless excavation of the dirt below dropped the veils from the insulate atmosphere of Ottawa power politics. He unwittingly sowed a later generation of critical Woodstock assignments in the press gallery who paid the compliment of mocking his language in one of their yearly send-ups.

History will better judge the most controversial editor of his day. He is not so much a journalist as a propagandist. He has used his magazine to push his causes—as perhaps, you and I would, though in more subtle ways. He pushes because he cares passionately, as converts always do. As a privileged child in Czechoslovakia who saw it all go down in the Nazi seizure, he sees Canada's potential more than those of us of amorphous bent who were born here. I still think his best book was *Home Country*, when he displayed his love of Canada as his flower, just as I think Pierre Elliott's best was his account of his family's flight to Canada.

Newman's relentless poisoning of Canadian nationalism, as one of the founders of the much-reviled (long ago) Committee for an Independent Canada, merely now reflected in a desperate federal government trying to buy back our economic sovereignty. He was ahead of his time on that one, along with Walter Gordon, Mel Hurtig and others.

The shy man who hides behind his pipe at cocktail parties is accused of being too kind to the Establishment in his *Establishment* books. We have a continuing argument on that. But he tends to hang people on their own machine. Anyone who has read about Nelson Stalham and Peter Fotheringham in *The Canadian* will understand perfectly (and not be surprised by) their present problems.

Newman is only this way. Anyone who comes at 4 a.m. to write books, as Stan Kenton, before editing a magazine, has to be shy. His peculiarity has its virtues. He knows about what he believes in.



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